

# Nation's Business

A GENERAL MAGAZINE FOR BUSINESSMEN

JULY 1953

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U. S. BUSINESSMEN

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## TAXES ARE GOING TO TOWN

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"I thought we couldn't afford a new calculator. We tried a Marchant and did I change my mind!

"The amount of time we're saving is outstanding. Our Marchant paid for itself in a matter of months.

"The Marchant is so simple to operate everyone in the office uses it.

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"And on a Marchant multiplicand, multiplier and answer can be checked after a multiplication... you know the answer is right."

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**Good shipping facilities**



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Department,  
Cleveland 1, Ohio,  
Detroit, Michigan,  
or Huntington, W. Va.

This desirable site at Iron Gate, Va., three miles from the important railroad center of Clifton Forge, includes eight buildings and sheds, water system with two tanks having a total capacity of 225,000 gallons, sprinkler system and metal fence.

There's a fine spring on the property, rated at 2,500,000 gallons per day, and if you need more, a practically unlimited supply could be piped from a nearby mountain river.

Most of the 150 men who formerly worked here still live in town; other good workers available in Clifton Forge and surrounding country.

C & O tracks adjoin property and U. S. Highway 220 is only two blocks away.



## Chesapeake and Ohio Railway

SERVING: VIRGINIA • WEST VIRGINIA • KENTUCKY • OHIO  
INDIANA • MICHIGAN • SOUTHERN ONTARIO



# Are *You* getting *Full Production* from *Your Plant*?



## KING-LAR COMPANY

SHEET METAL - HEATING - ROOFING CONTRACTORS

1005 NORTH WATER STREET

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April 3, 1952

George S. May Company  
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Gentlemen:

I am sure you will be interested in the results we have realized from your Business Engineering Service. It is just one year since your engineers completed their work here.

When we called you in, we felt that we had reached the full capacity of our facilities and supervisory man power.

By streamlining our operations; by eliminating duplication of effort; by definitely assigning responsibility and authority; you made it possible for us to increase production 50 per cent without any increase in floor space or machinery and without adding a single key man to our force.

The simplified accounting system your engineers installed has made it possible for us to get a clearer picture of our current profit and expense position without increasing our bookkeeping staff. With the increased production, this would have been impossible under our former accounting system.

Both management and supervisors are happy with the incentive plan your engineers laid out for us. It has meant reduced friction and a finer spirit of cooperation through-out the entire organization.

We are now convinced that by following your recommendations, we can handle a further 50 per cent increase in production with our present facilities and man power.

When problems arise in the future, we shall certainly ask you to help us solve them.

Cordially yours,

KING-LAR COMPANY

By *Frank Larson*  
Frank Larson, President

Here's how one  
Manufacturer increased  
his Production 50%  
without adding to  
Floor Space, Machinery  
or Key Personnel



*"You've Got to Spend Money to Make Money"*

## GEORGE S. MAY COMPANY



### Business Engineering

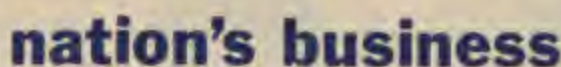
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CHAMBER OF COMMERCE OF THE UNITED STATES

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**MORE THAN 750,000 SUBSCRIBERS**

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"We actually waste more money in congestion, in accidents and death, in property loss and in wear





## Our stock was insured but our income wasn't

(Typical of what could happen in any business)

The auctioneer poised his gavel over one of the last remnants of our business. "I'm bid thirty dollars. Thirty . . . are you done at thirty? All done?"

One thing was certain. My partners and I were "all done." And so was the department store we'd worked so hard to establish.

Months before, when fire closed us down, things hadn't looked so grim. Our building and stock were adequately insured. But we didn't

know then how disastrous the loss of income could be. We weren't insured against this blow.

Now we realize what a mistake that was! Business Interruption Insurance would have paid us our full anticipated profit and our continuing overhead expenses—a total of \$183,000\* during our shutdown. Not having this money available is what put us out of business!

\* Actual amount paid on a store loss that was covered by Business Interruption.

This is not an isolated case. Lack of Business Interruption Insurance has ruined many an enterprise.

Why risk a crippling loss of income when fire, windstorm, explosion, riot or other insured hazard shuts you down temporarily? Let Business Interruption Insurance pay you what your business itself would have paid you under normal operating conditions.

Ask your Hartford Fire Insurance Company Agent or your insurance broker to give you full details about this essential, low-cost protection.

Year in and year out you'll do well with the

# Hartford



Hartford Fire Insurance Company • Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company  
Hartford Live Stock Insurance Company • Hartford 15, Connecticut

and tear on vehicles and tires than it would cost us to have an efficient highway network."

Mr. Herndon deals primarily with one fault: management.

AS A student at Syracuse University, **HERBERT HARRIS** could never decide whether to become a political economist, a psychologist, or historian. While trying to make up his mind he wrote several books, joined the editorial staff of a magazine and put in a number of years in government service.

The books include "Labor's Civil War," a discussion of the forces behind the AFL-CIO split and its effect upon the nation's economy; and a history of the U. S. labor movement from 1770 to 1939. He is author also of many magazine articles.

In Government, he served during World War II as head of the Office of Special Adviser, War Production Board. Later he became a Marshall Plan consultant, and was a member of W. Averell Harriman's staff when he was director for the Mutual Security program.

His article: "The Real Radicals: U. S. Businessmen," begins on page 28.

**RICHARD TREGASKIS** is six and a half feet tall. Such height was no bother to him as a war correspondent, author of books or reporter, until he began research on the glass cars he describes in this issue, beginning on page 76.

"I'd never done anything in the line of driving sport cars before I started the story," he says, "but I



had been academically a car nut for a long time. From reading, I had learned to discourse learnedly about steering ratios, cornering, torsion bars, unsprung weight, rear ends, etc.—without the slightest idea of how to apply this knowledge."

Then came the assignment to do an article on California's glass car

# "What will the telephone be like when I grow up?"

It's hard to say, young fellow, but you can be sure there are great things ahead.

Today we telephone from moving automobiles, trains, airplanes and ships far out at sea. And radio microwaves beam telephone calls and television programs from tower to tower across the country.

The day is coming when you will be able to reach any telephone in the country simply by dialing a number.

Perhaps some day in the future you may just speak the number into the transmitter and get your party automatically.

## **BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**

*The Best Possible Service  
at the Lowest Possible Cost*







7,500 U. S. companies now use the Olivetti Fully Automatic Printing Calculator to cut figure-work costs. This machine offers a permanent record of all calculations and results on the printed tape • the advantages of a fully automatic calculator combined with high-speed, high-capacity adding, subtracting and listing • automatic credit balance and combined-operations features • remarkable dependability. No specialized operator is required.



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industry. As part of his research, he went to the stock car races—"and heard the thunderous sound of same." There he was astonished to see the owner of one car polish the cylinder head with a clean pocket handkerchief so that it would look good in a photo that was being made.

Research also included a ride in a small foreign car. That's when his six-feet-six got in the way.

"Either my feet were too big for it," Mr. Tregaskis relates, "or it was too small for my feet. I prefer to think the latter.

"After bruising my legs trying to get them into position for driving, I found that one foot seemed to cover both the brake and the accelerator pedals, with sometimes alarming results.

"It was the same kind of disillusion I experienced on my first visit to Bali, in 1948," he continues, "when I found that the beautiful babes I had seen in such fetching pictures for so long were only about four feet tall!"

**WINNIFRED F. PARKE** and her husband operate the James D. Parke Company, which makes wood and aluminum overhead doors at El Segundo, Calif. They describe themselves as typical small business people.

The Parkes started their business in 1940 with money saved in the early years of their marriage when they both worked. Until last year they operated as a partnership. Then the auditor took time one day to "draw us a gruesome picture of what happens to a husband and wife partnership when one partner dies." Mrs. Parke



promptly sold her half of the business to her husband for \$1. "And believe it or not," she says, "it took me two weeks to collect the dollar."

Little was changed, however, besides the dollar. "When anyone asks my husband what is my position in the firm," she says, "he re-



fers to me as the vice president."

They operate their firm with the help of a bookkeeper and a part-time auditor. The story of her experience with personnel problems begins on page 81.

THE CHECK from NATION'S BUSINESS made a fine wedding present!

That was the word from **CALVIN MAYNE**, who used the money to take his bride, the former Miss Nancy Marth, on a honeymoon to Bermuda.

Mr. and Mrs. Mayne (see photograph) will live in Rochester, N. Y., where he is on the staff of the *Times-Union*. He is 27 and a grad-



uate of Ohio State University, where he collected three of the school's choice honors: editorship of the *Lantern*, the daily newspaper; membership in Phi Beta Kappa while still a junior; and election to Sphinx, the senior honorary society.

After graduation he went to the *Detroit Free Press* as reporter and rewrite man, then returned to Rochester, where he once had been copy boy. Interpretive reporting on municipal affairs and finance won him such distinction that he was granted a Nieman Fellowship at Harvard University.

His article on local taxes, written while his ankle was in a cast, begins on page 36.

ALSO in this issue are articles by:

**HENRY F. PRINGLE**, who got his first newspaper experience covering the New York State legislature with James A. Hagerty. He now writes about Mr. Hagerty's son, James C., presidential press secretary.

**WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT**, a former Kansas boy who made good on newspapers in Kansas City and Chicago, then became a highly successful magazine writer. His subject in this issue is safety in hospitals.

NATION'S BUSINESS • JULY 1953



**Attention** to all phases of an employer's business-insurance needs is no one-man job! When you qualify as one of our policyholder-owners, a skilled Employers Mutuals Team cooperates... suggests proper coverage that is *tailored to your needs*... helps reduce accident costs... handles claims promptly... provides services that can improve your production, reduce operating expense and, often, cut premium costs!



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Employers Mutuals write: Workmen's Compensation, Public Liability, Automobile Group Health and Accident, Burglary-Plate Glass-Fidelity Bonds and other casualty insurance. Fire-Extended Coverage-Inland Marine and allied lines. All policies are nonassessable.



EMPLOYERS MUTUAL LIABILITY INSURANCE COMPANY OF WISCONSIN  
EMPLOYERS MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY





The Departmental Line with Island Base. Note the square edges and flush tops so desks can be "banked" for best use of floor space.



Another of the four complete "Y and E" lines—the Associate Line with graceful, molded tops, balanced design.



Only "Y and E" has a complete steel Executive Suite. Here are the masterpieces of office equipment.



This office is equipped with the Departmental Line—Leg Type. No other manufacturer has as complete a line as "Y and E".



## QUALITY and STYLE can tell a lot about you



Nationally distributed through branches, agents, and dealers.

An office can actually talk. It can say: "This company is behind the times. They don't look progressive."

Or an office can say: "Here's a company that does things well. They use modern methods. They're on the ball."

The quality and style of "Y and E" equipment can tell a good story like that about your company. Not just the first year or two after you put it in, but for years and years to come.

Because of quality and thoughtful design, "Y and E" offices have an *enduring* style. Twenty years from now the sleek, graceful, simple lines of "Y and E" desks still will give your offices an up-to-date, stylish look, still tell your visitors: "Here is a fine company."

There's a "Y and E" branch or distributor in your city. Call today and take the first step toward offices with a quality and style that tell a progressive story about you—and keep on telling it.

### YAWMAN AND ERBE MFG. CO.

1043 Jay Street, Rochester 3, N. Y., U.S.A.

Manufacturers of steel desks and filing cabinets, visible index record equipment, filing systems, filing supplies.



► **BUSINESS GETS BIGGER**—and better.

Number of business firms operating in U. S. is at all-time high—4,059,000—and graph line still heads upward.

Commercial, industrial failures show slight rise in recent weeks. But don't be misled by failure rate.

To measure it accurately, measure it against rising business population.

Four-year trend of commercial, industrial failures is down (9,246 in '49; 7,611 in '52).

Failures per 10,000 concerns have leveled off at about 34. Except for war and postwar boom from '43-'48, that's lowest rate since turn of the century.

Today's business population compares with 3,258,400 in '45, 3,097,100 in '29.

► **OUTLOOK OPTIMISM**—it's indicated by continuing record-high volume of bank loan applications.

Means business thinks expansion, other capital expenditures will pay off.

It's backing this thinking with millions.

In first 5 months of '53, total commercial, industrial and agricultural loans by 21 banks reporting to Federal Reserve were \$859,000,000 above year ago.

► **CONSUMERS SHARE** optimism, show it by pushing retail sales to levels 5 to 10 per cent above last year.

They're also pushing into the future downward price adjustments expected when production outruns demand.

► **FARMERS' PAY CUT** takes bloom off their boom.

Prices received for their product run slightly more than 10 per cent below year-ago levels.

Checking their dip is Agriculture Department, which has nearly doubled investment in price support buying, compared with year ago.

Price support loans outstanding on April 30 (latest figures) total \$1,909,000,000. Biggest volume is in wheat, corn, cotton, tobacco.

What's effect of farmers' pay cut? Nation's new industrial pattern is not yet fully analyzed, leaves farm economists with few figures on which to base outlook.

Nation has about 5,000,000 farms. Farm

economy area—including towns dependent on farm income—is estimated at 40,000,000 persons.

But postwar industrial development has brought thousands of new plants to small towns leaving their dependency on farm income in question.

Example: One midwestern city has population of 50,000. Its total employment is 58,000. Two thirds of those employees are drawn from surrounding rural area.

Some effect of farm price drop already is evident.

Farm equipment dealers have biggest inventories since prewar days.

Equipment manufacturers are adjusting production schedules downward on some lines, eliminating costly steel conversion practices, chopping off overtime work schedules.

Don't take these steps as signs of recession. So far they're signs of returning to normal ways of doing business.

And keep this point in mind: Lower price is something most of country has been asking for.

Income dip found most farmers in best economic position ever.

Prosperous decade has given them better homes and farm buildings, with more equipment in both than ever before.

Prices of some seeds, fertilizers are softening, tending to help balance farm income-outgo.

Population growth rate in U. S.—now about 2,500,000 a year—gives farmers an ever-increasing market.

If price drop holds present relationship to year-ago figures throughout this year, total cut in farm income would be about \$1,500,000,000.

That doesn't necessarily mean drop in national income of that amount.

Does mean that farmers won't spend it. But lower food costs would leave more buying power with others.

► **SHIP SURPLUS** farm products abroad, sell them for local currency instead of dollars.

That idea's being talked in Agriculture Department.

Example: Sell India wheat for rupees, use the rupees to buy jute, other Indian products.

Private industry has long operated similar plans. One American oil company has refinery in England, sells output





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for pounds, buys steel pipe with these—and sells the pipe for dollars for use in U. S. oil fields.

► **TIMING'S AS IMPORTANT** as policy to many members of Congress.

Example: Legislators appear to be blowing hot and cold on Taft-Hartley revision.

They're not, policywise. Many members' minds are pretty well made up, however they stand.

Uncertainty stems from political considerations—

Those who want to maintain law's present principles, balance, want whatever revising is done to be done now.

Those who want to make concessions to labor prefer to put off revision until '54—to capitalize on such action's vote-gathering possibilities.

► **ONE HUNDRED CORPORATIONS** handle more than 60 per cent of defense production.

Helping them are 231 subsidiary and affiliated companies, thousands of sub-contractors.

That's brought out in Munitions Board study of first 2 years of defense build-up.

Board staff took a look at top defense producers, compared them with Federal Trade Commission's list of nation's largest manufacturers.

They found only 33 of the largest manufacturers are among top 100 defense contractors.

Only 13 of the first 25 firms on FTC list show up among the 100 largest defense contractors.

Twelve firm names on the list of top defense producers are not listed at all among the nation's 1,000 largest manufacturers.

Prime contracts awarded during first 2 build-up years totaled \$70,179,300,000.

Three fourths went to makers of aircraft, tanks, weapons, other ordnance.

One fifth to makers of electronics equipment, ships, production machinery, railway cars, locomotives.

Five per cent covered contracts for petroleum products, nondurable goods, services.

Top contractor: General Motors, with \$5,489,500,000, or 7.8 per cent of dollar volume awarded to first 100 firms.

Next comes General Electric with \$2,418,300,000, or 3.5 per cent.

Third, Chrysler with \$2,226,300,000, or 3.2 per cent.

Fourth, Boeing with \$1,847,900,000, or 2.6 per cent.

Fifth, United Aircraft with \$1,696,000,000, or 2.4 per cent.

Altogether, first five won 19.5 per cent of volume awarded to top 100.

Why did big corporations get top awards?

Because they had organization, resources, manpower, plant, subcontracting supply lines already set up.

► **TREASURY TALKS** (unofficially) about making "little man's" government bonds tax free.

That may be next step to make Series E and H bonds more attractive to small investors.

Treasury's problem: It's facing peak maturities this year and next on the \$36,000,000,000 (cash value) in outstanding savings bonds.

Maturities this year exceed \$5,200,000,000.

Next year they reach peak at \$5,600,000,000—result of three war bond drives held in 1944.

First step to keep maturing bonds in holders' hands (and away from cash-in windows) was taken on May 1, 1952, when interest rate was increased from 2.9 to 3 per cent.

Treasury officials attribute a 30 per cent rise in sales during first five months of '53 (compared with '52) to that rate increase.

But even with the rise Government has been barely able to hold sales above redemptions.

In first five months sales totaled \$1,700,000,000.

Redemptions of unmatured bonds were nearly \$1,200,000,000. Maturities were almost \$500,000,000.

Treasury squeaked through with a plus of \$2,500,000 on total savings bond business.

Note: Treasury experience shows that if investor holds on to E bond to maturity there's good chance he'll continue to hold it at 3 per cent interest compounded semiannually.

So far, E bond maturities total about \$7,100,000,000. Of these, \$1,700,000,000 have been redeemed, the balance held.

If it were not for that balance Treasury would have slipped badly in its cam-



# washington letter

paign to hold redemptions to current sales level.

## ► AIR TRAVEL SOARS—at bargain rates.

Trans-Atlantic tourist service (now in second year) already makes up 65 per cent of trans-Atlantic traffic.

Budget-conscious travelers will push ratio even higher, airline heads say.

Over-all picture: More than 4,000 seats weekly in tourist class, less than 3,000 for standard or first-class.

First-class round-trip fare between New York and London is \$711—tourist rate is \$495.

Saving's about the same on flights to Paris, Rome, other European terminals.

One company (Trans World) has upped trans-Atlantic tourist schedules to 21 weekly round trips, has kept 14 first-class.

## ► TAKES TWO TONS of steel to make an automobile—but you only get 1½ tons of it in your new car.

Where's the difference? It's in chips, shavings, other scrap—until it's sold back to steel plants to be made into new steel again.

Some metal going into autos since World War II has been conversion steel.

That's product of a tight market. Means manufacturer buys steel in whatever forms he can find, has them converted in custom mills to forms that he needs.

Process adds about \$75 a ton to cost of steel.

Market for conversion steel appears to be ending. But that doesn't mean a corresponding slash in price of products made of steel.

Example: Even though auto maker has been buying all the conversion steel he can get, it's still a small part of his over-all steel supply. Thus, cost effect is diluted.

Difference with complete end of conversion practice would be a few cents (or at most a few dollars) per car, instead of \$150.

## ► SALES, PRODUCTION executives see rosy prospects in high birth rate since '45—stress impact on future demand, creation of strong markets.

But long-range population predictions are tricky.

Example: In early '30's, experts saw

decline in offspring, forecast about 100,000,000 people in U. S. by 1950. Population today: around 160,000,000.

Present figures lean toward 200,000,000 or more by end of century—but this could be wrong, too.

Sometimes overlooked by prognosticators: Changes in death rate (rather than birth rate) have historically set tempo in population growth.

Significant factor in population studies: Rate of natural increase (difference between birth, death rates per 1,000 people).

Another factor: World population now 2,400,000,000—rate of natural increase 1 per cent per year—can mean 4,100,000,000 by 2000 A.D., almost 7,000,000,000 by 2050.

Pinning it down, this means 25,000,000 more people on earth each year, or 68,000 more each day.

Other side of the picture: Planet's total production must increase more than 1 per cent per year in order to keep pace—and it would be safer at 2 per cent.

► BRIEFS: Fewer than one fifth of eligible veterans have used their government-guarantee home building privilege. . . . Republican Party leaders who endorse lowering voting age to 18 have 6,500,000 voters in mind. That's age group of 18 through 20 shown in '50 census. . . . U. S. ships carried only 37.4 per cent of nation's foreign trade cargo in '52. Ship operators campaign for at least half. . . . In 1853 a 30-year-old man could buy \$1,000 worth of ordinary life insurance for \$18.40. Today's cost: \$18.37. . . . More small banks closed up last year than in any year since 1943—and only half as many opened. Not failures—their soundness has never been greater. But more and more aging owners find no purchasers, close out. . . . Lower prices, greater emphasis on sales promotion have brought profit figures to chain store meat counters that have operated in the red for years. . . . Uncle Sam owes himself \$46,000,000,000. That's in bonds Government has in its own investment accounts (such as Social Security) in place of cash collected. . . . Trend of the Times Note—Shoe trade reports production way up over last year—with largest rise in bedroom and house slippers.





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*R. S. Duffus*

BY MY WAY



### When plans become real

I HAVE noticed many times, and I noticed again this spring, that when our family makes plans to go somewhere, no matter how improbable the time or place may be, we go. My wife and Mr. M. at the travel bureau seem to believe in these adventures before they happen. I never do. But the day or night comes when I find myself up among the stars—for usually, to cover land and water as fast as we can, we depart by airplane. After that the old, familiar world recedes and a new and unfamiliar one comes to be taken for granted. And so, in case anybody cares (and I don't expect anybody to care as much as we did), we went to Arizona—and to a corner of Mexico.

### Up in the air

TIME WAS when a passenger boarding an airplane felt like a hero; I know I did when it took two hours and a half, more or less, to go from New York to Washington. This isn't so any more. An air traveler may be bored—let's face it, he sometimes is—but he is about as safe up in the clouds as he would be elsewhere. For instance, he can't slip and break his neck in a bathtub, be run over by an automobile or be shot in mistake for a deer, not while he is flying.

The main trouble with air travel, as we experienced it going to and from Arizona and other places, is that planes go so fast one can't really settle down between stops.

### Close, but different

AT THE SAME time, it is somehow comforting to know that you don't make two places alike merely by shortening the travel hours between them. You can get to today's Arizona in a hurry, whereas yesterday's Arizona required days and weeks to reach; but today's Arizona remains different from New York State or Connecticut.

This goes for New Mexico, California and other regions, too, but we couldn't go to all of them in one trip, no matter how well intentioned we were.

### Dryness can be beautiful

ARIZONA is the fifth largest state in the Union, or a little smaller than Italy. Consequently it has almost all the climates there are, including winter. A person can drive up Mount Lemmon, near Tucson, and throw snowballs while the citizens of Tucson are complaining of heat and lack of rain. (They do complain at times. The newspapers even publish unfavorable notices about the occasional



dust storms.) In Tucson itself there are times of the year when it is hot in the sun and cool in the shade.

Similar conditions in San Francisco gave rise to the legend that a man could get a sunstroke on one side of the street while his neighbor was catching pneumonia on the other side. As far as I could make out, this is not true of Tucson.

Nobody denies, however, that, though there is plenty of water to drink for those who care for that beverage, Arizona could do with more water for agricultural purposes.

If you like your scenery lush you must go up into the mountains. Or, if you wish, you can go to the Amazon River Valley. But the so-called desert has its majesty and its beauty, and is a fine spot for cactus, mesquite and similar plants.

I was told of a rat, or gopher or something, that lives in the desert and doesn't have to drink at all. This saves it a lot of trouble.



## 'Dobe, Arizona style

WE RAN into one heavy rain during our Arizona stay. This was down on the border at a small but happy place called Sasabe and the rain was said to be local and specially imported from Connecticut. I did not believe this, though I tried. I chose this moment to get stuck with an automobile and some excellent adobe mud as I traveled between the Rancho de la Osa and Sasabe itself.

I first met 'dobe, as we familiarly called it, years ago in California. The Arizona species is stickier than the California species. One way to get it off your shoes after it hardens is to use a hammer and chisel. Another and perhaps better way is to throw the shoes away and get some new ones.

Most of the year, though, 'dobe in Arizona can be inhaled, like snuff, whenever and wherever anybody has done some plowing or road-making. I do not say this disparagingly. 'Dobe may not be a perfect thing in itself but it is associated with countless happy memories—including one serene week in a 'dobe house lent us by friends at Sasabe.

## The horse and I

WE HAVE several vacation snapshots that show me sitting on a horse named Stiletto, though of course people have to take my word for it that that was really his name. I look quite dashing, if I may say so; in fact, like many amateur riders, the less I really am dashing the more dashing I look. When I dash on horseback I am generally hanging on to the horn or the animal's mane or clutching



my bery steed around the neck. But I did not fall off.

I had misjudged horses. At least I had misjudged Stiletto. Stiletto had no desire to throw me off. He had no wish to gallop when he might lope, lope when he might trot, trot when he might walk, walk when he might stand still. What with one dude and another, Stiletto got all the exercise he needed, and if he didn't he could kick up his heels while in the corral and unsaddled.

He was a good horse, reddish in

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color, with white rear fetlocks and white on his nose under his bangs (if that is what they are called); he had plenty of speed for those who like such things; he could walk up and down a practically perpendicular trail composed of loose stones and gravel and never turn a hair. I was always glad to get on Stiletto, and glad to get off. In time I think he might have taught me to ride. And there I am in the pictures, looking quite dashing. If Stiletto seems to be laughing that is because he is naturally a good-natured horse.

## Not so very new

AS EVERYBODY knows, this is a new country, part of a new continent and a New World. However, it wasn't born yesterday. In Tucson you don't need Spanish to get around, but we attended one outdoor festival where the master of ceremonies spoke entirely in Spanish and we heard more Spanish than English in the good-looking and good-humored crowd around us.

That took us back about a century. At St. Xavier del Bac, not far from Tucson, we witnessed an evening pageant celebrating the arrival of the Spanish missionaries and conquistadores some four centuries ago. The head man, or mayor, of the Papago Indian community—an educated gentleman of character and intelligence—spoke a few words in his native tongue.

That took us back much more than 400 years, because the Papago language had been in use a long time before the strangers from over the ocean arrived.

## Murder is a crime, too

MANY ARIZONA highways, and some in Mexican Sonora, have cattle guards across them. These will permit the passage of an automobile but not of a cow or—unless you want to jump—a horse. They consist of horizontal bars placed side by side just the right distance apart. If you are on a horse you get off, open a gate at the side, lead the horse through and close the gate. In the cattle country murder is considered a worse crime than leaving one of these gates open. At least, that is what I was told.

## Want a house?

THE highest-grade ore around Bisbee is said not to be as abundant as it used to be. Judging by the looks of things, one could still make



an honest copper penny in that long, up-and-down town. Incidentally, near Lowell and not so far from Bisbee, we passed a development where new houses with nice flat roofs could be rented for as little as \$45 a month or bought for as little as \$7,500. This seemed like old times somehow.

## Roads, lonesome and otherwise

WHEREVER we went, there were good roads, medium roads or bad roads. This goes for southern Arizona and also for Sonora, Mexico. As a rule, the better the road the greater the traffic. We finally decided you could not have it both ways. If you desired solitude you selected a dirt road. If you wanted company you took a cement-surfaced road. One exception was the Mexican highway, hard-surfaced and straight, that ran like an



arrow from Nogales to Hermosillo, and from Hermosillo to Guaymas. (And back again, of course).

When we came back from the lovely hostelry on the beach at Guaymas we ran for miles and miles, on both sides of Hermosillo, through a radiantly lovely desert where I wouldn't care to be lost without a few barrels of water. In that wilderness it was good to meet other cars.

## Waking up at home

THERE is a turning point in the longest trip, for even if one goes clear around the world there is a moment when the distance from home stops increasing and begins to diminish. Our turning point was Guaymas, where we took a final view of the blue-green waters of the Gulf of California, which are a part of the same ocean that washes the shores of Australia and Japan, and turned inland, northward and eastward. Much had been interesting on that journey, nothing really strange or foreign. Now we came again to our familiar drive and house: the lawn deep in crab grass, wire grass—everything, indeed, except clover and lawn grass. I thought, as we unlocked the door, all this would seem quaint to some of those who live where we had been. And that night, waking up out of my first sleep, I couldn't at first recall where I was.



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## OF NATION'S BUSINESS Trends

### THE STATE OF THE NATION

BY FELIX MORLEY

**A** SAILBOAT, headed into the wind, can only make progress by tacking, following a zigzag course in which the prevailing breeze fills the sails first over one side, then over the other.

As every amateur sailor knows, his little craft will heel to the wind equally, if its velocity remains the same, whether on the port or the starboard tack. Whether progress is to the left or to the right of the wind's direction, the risk of capsize, for the unskilled helmsman, will be identical.

Our own ship of state, in nautical parlance, has recently "come about." The course that President Roosevelt called "left of center" has been changed, by popular mandate, to "right of center." But we are still beating across a wind that blows strongly from Soviet Russia. And its strength shows no sign of weakening as the months go by.

• • •

Under the New Deal, to carry our simile a little further, the American ship of state heeled far over before the socialistic wind. Those in office said that we need only enlarge the power and functions of the federal Government and all would be smooth sailing. Washington would provide "social security" and "full employment" for everybody. Bureaucrats would do our thinking and planning for us, in the interest of the general welfare.

The national leftist course was apparent in many ways other than the enlargement of governmental power. The curriculums of colleges and schools were changed to emphasize the so-called "social sciences." Thousands of youthful teachers set themselves to idealizing socialism while emphasizing the real and fancied defects of the capitalist system. Foreign policy groups promoted alien philosophies of government with far more enthusiasm than discrimination. Hollywood flooded the country with adolescent movies of the "Mission to Moscow" type. Books lauding such developments as the "agrarian reforms" of Chinese Communism poured from the presses and received lyrical reviews. Columnists and radio commentators fell for the prevailing "international" mood. In such an atmosphere the communist infiltration of key positions was easy. We can, indeed, consider ourselves fortunate that it did not go deeper.

All that is now altered, not because of our native intelligence but rather because the Kremlin overplayed its hand. The tide turned definitely when the North Korean Reds poured over the 38th Parallel, just three years ago. And since then there has been increasing emphasis on the advantages of our own constitutional system, less idle chatter about the superiority of foreign political thinking to our own.

With the new tack, to right of center, there



has however come a new danger none the less serious to true Americanism because brought by a natural human re-

action. People who feel deceived become resentful. So there is today an obvious tendency to denounce what was given too ready acceptance just a few years back. This could give as bad a list to the ship of state, though on the opposite side, as it had earlier.

• • •

A case in point is the popular attitude toward the United Nations. The Senate ratified its Charter just eight years ago after the most perfunctory debate and without any critical consideration. So strong was the propaganda for ratification that only two senators cast dissenting votes. Today the U.N. has turned sour for many Americans and a Constitutional amendment sponsored by nearly two thirds of the Senate is urged to remedy defects that could have been eliminated by simple revision in July, 1945. The U.N. Charter is just the same now as it was then, but the pendulum of public opinion has swung against it.

There are other illustrations of this leap from one extreme to its opposite. As a part of the investigation of communist infiltration there has been congressional inquiry into the reading offered by American libraries abroad, especially those maintained by the State Department. It was discovered that many leftist books were being made available to foreign readers as representative of American thinking. And surprisingly few books extolling the basic principles of Americanism were included in these governmental purchases, all made at the taxpayers' expense.

A more careful selection, to give fair emphasis to traditional American ideas, was certainly in order. What has actually happened is not only the clearance of Red rubbish from these library shelves, but also restrictions on titles by many authors who are occasionally critical of some of our folkways.

An issue less concealed from the public, and more a matter of two-sided debate than governmental censorship of reading matter, is the congressional inquiry into Communism in the colleges. Of course the Reds made a concerted effort to infiltrate our educational institutions, as also the trade unions, publishing houses, movie studios, newspapers and radio stations. For some not very clear reason the teaching profession is more resentful of inquiry into this than are any of the other occupations involved. It is alleged that "academic freedom" is at stake.

As good a case can be made for the argument that the calculated indoctrination of immature minds is an abuse that undermines the entire case for academic freedom, and that inquiry as to

whether this has been going on in state-subsidized or tax-exempt institutions is a wholly appropriate congressional function. Nevertheless, inquisition of this sort can easily degenerate into witch hunting. And since public education in this country is a local and not a federal responsibility it would be preferable to have the desirable investigation made by state or local educational agencies.

But in education, as in other fields, unchecked abuses have naturally led to excessive remedial action. The risk of trespass on individual freedom is not less because the sense of individual responsibility, which alone justifies freedom, has been so much diminished by the general socialistic drift.

At the root of the whole problem is the fact that government cannot shoulder responsibility without taking that virtue away from the individual. If the state tells the farmer what to grow it thereby lessens his responsibility as a producer. If it tells the housewife what to buy it lessens her responsibility as a consumer. And the rule holds right down the line. To provide "social security" is to lessen the healthy duty of the individual to safeguard his own future, exercising his energy and talents for the general welfare in so doing.

• • •

In recent years we have swung far toward the theory that state intervention in every field of activity is somehow inherently desirable. If that is true, it follows that state intervention to determine what people should read and study is also desirable. So it is ironic, to say the least, that so much of the anguished howl about trespass on academic freedom comes from teachers who have consistently demanded that freedom in every other form of enterprise should be curtailed.

The true liberal, however, is interested in the preservation of freedom as such. Thus he will uphold the freedom of the employer to fix prices and wages, of the worker to organize and strike, of the teacher to instruct as he sees fit and of the student to read what books he chooses. It is only the phony liberal who takes the untenable position that government is justified in coercing business, but should not even inquire into the practices of educators.

Of such phony liberalism we have had far too much. That does not mean that the cure is a crackdown on all dissenters, or on all who express an opinion contrary to the prevalent viewpoint.

If the ship of state was heeling dangerously to the left, there is no gain from a change of course that shifts the tilt equally far to the right. That is what Sophocles told the old Greeks, in a crisis of their history not unlike that which we face today:

"The ship of state—the gods once more,  
After much rocking on a stormy surge,  
Set her on even keel!"



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## WASHINGTON MOOD

BY EDWARD T. FOLLIARD

**A**S HE ROUNDS out six months in office, President Eisenhower appears to be on top of his job. He gives the impression of a man confident of his powers, not easily ruffled, concerned about his official headaches but not fretful.

One of Ike's aides said this of him recently: "He refuses to let the job of President of the United States scare him."

Not since Teddy Roosevelt, apostle of the strenuous life, has there been a Chief Executive so determined to keep in good physical shape. He plays golf, of course, because he likes it. However, there is a practical reason for his insistence on exercise and relaxation. Sherman Adams, the assistant to the President, called my attention to this, and said it would be worth my while to look up a certain passage in Ike's book, "Crusade in Europe."

• • •

I found it on page 132, where Ike tells about an illness that laid him low while he was leading our forces in North Africa in 1943, and about the lesson he learned therefrom. Here is his account of it:

"The Christmas season brought to me the dismaying realization that there are certain limits of physical stamina that cannot safely be exceeded. I inherited a hearty constitution from sturdy forebears and I had come to believe myself immune from fatigues and exhaustions that I frequently observed in others.

"Long hours and incessant work were easily enough sustained, I thought, so long as one refused to fall victim to useless worry or to waste his strength in any kind of excess.

"But as the December weeks kept me constantly on the road or in the air and shorter and shorter hours of sleep became broken by an unaccustomed nervousness, I definitely felt a deterioration in vigor that I could not overcome.

"On Christmas Day I contracted a severe case of the flu and, convinced that I must not go to bed, I finally became really ill. The doctors then took charge. For four days they would not let me move, and during that time I not only recovered my health, I learned a lesson I did not thereafter

violate: A full measure of health is basic to successful command."

If a full measure of health was essential to Ike as a military commander, it is even more essential now when he is the leader of 160,000,000 Americans and the hope of the whole free world. Hence his early-to-bed, early-to-rise habits, and hence, also, his twice-a-week golf games at the Burning Tree Club, his week-end bridge games in the White House, his occasional fishing expeditions, and his painting.

He eats and drinks in moderation, and is a reformed cigarette smoker.

He rarely goes out at night. The banquets he has attended so far have been mostly the ones that his predecessors were in the habit of attending—those of the Gridiron Club, the White House Correspondents Association, and a few other organizations. At nearly all of them he has been ribbed about his golf-playing, and has joined in the laughter.

He did not miss the newspaper story about the CIO-PAC keeping track of his golf games. A few days after the story appeared a group that included Jacob Potofsky, president of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers (CIO), called at the White House.

Ike spotted the bearded Mr. Potofsky and said:

"Oh, I see where the CIO is keeping track of the number of times I play golf. That's wonderful. You know, I'd play golf every day if I could."

Mr. Potofsky told reporters afterward that he realized what a great burden the Presidency was, and hoped that Ike would relax every time he got a chance.

As for painting, the President took this up late in life, like his friend Sir Winston Churchill. He is apologetic about his canvases, but they seem to be pretty good for an amateur. Those who cover the White House have seen two of them, a landscape that hangs in his office, and a portrait of Bobby Jones which he presented to the one-time golf king at Augusta, Ga.

Ike likes painting for the same reason Mr. Churchill does, because it represents a sharp change from his

OF NATION'S BUSINESS  
**Trends**



heavy responsibilities. Mr. Churchill says a man can wear out a particular part of his mind by continually using it and tiring it,

in the same way he can wear out the elbows of his coat. He finds that reading and book-love are too nearly akin to the ordinary daily round of the brain-worker to provide the kind of change that will afford real relief. What is needed, the British Prime Minister insists, is to rest the tired parts of the mind and to use other parts—and he thinks painting is the ideal prescription.

"Happy are the painters, for they shall not be lonely," Mr. Churchill wrote in his charming little book, "Painting as a Pastime." "Light and color, peace and hope, will keep them company to the end, or almost the end, of the day. . . ."

"We must not be too ambitious. We cannot aspire to masterpieces. We may content ourselves with a joy ride in a paintbox. And for this audacity is the only ticket."

It has been said that President Eisenhower is a nonreader, or that his reading is limited to paperback "westerns." This, on its face, is hyperbole. He has to read and read a lot—official reports, a never ending flow of memoranda, and of course the newspapers. Like Franklin D. Roosevelt, however, he is ear-minded and prefers to have things explained to him orally when that is possible.



Recently Ike has been reading *The Federalist*. He probably became acquainted with it when he was at West Point, but it would certainly have more meaning for him now. His reading of the papers on the Constitution by Alexander Hamilton, James Madison and John Jay are reflected in his speeches; his oratory abounds with references to the Founding Fathers, to their love of country, wisdom and selflessness.

Twice now he has quoted Patrick Henry's "Give me liberty or give me death" in justifying his program of no tax cuts this year. He has contrasted the great Virginia patriot with those modern "croakers" who, he says, want liberty but only if the cost is no more than 15 per cent of their income.



Perhaps the biggest discovery Ike has made in these first six months is the way domestic and foreign problems overlap. There is, he finds, no way to divide them and put them into separate compartments. This is not altogether a new idea. Still, it may be that one of Ike's important contributions in the years ahead will be to bring this home to the American people. He started doing it in two speeches in New York recently, one in the Astor and the other in the Waldorf.

"The very prosperity of this country," he said, "is inextricably tied up with the prosperity of those countries with whom we must trade in the world. There are countries from which we must get materials which are absolutely vital to our economy."

"We are, of course, the great exponents of the steel age. Yet I am sure that all of you are aware that we make scarcely a ton of steel in this country without vastly important imports—manganese and the alloys that go into our finest steel. Without them we would be practically helpless. . . ."

"The welfare of our whole agricultural society depends upon our foreign trade. . . . There would be no possible prosperity for the farm population of our country except that we have a prosperous foreign trade. We have certain surpluses that have no outlet except in this foreign trade. They must be capable of buying our goods, these other countries."

The President does not regard a strike of workers in this country as merely a domestic problem.

"Labor peace here at home," he says, "is essential to a position of sturdy strength abroad, so that we may appear in the councils of the world as men and women who are speaking from a position of strength, not truculent strength, just confident strength, so that our words of peace may have weight."

He has made it clear that he doesn't want the White House to become involved in labor-management disputes. His advisers—and no doubt the President himself—feel that Mr. Truman intervened too quickly and too extensively in such disputes. Fortunately for his own Administration, the labor front has been relatively serene since Inauguration Day.



For a time the President was being criticized for a lack of forcefulness in his dealings with Congress. More and more in recent weeks, he has been exercising positive leadership. The most spectacular example was, of course, when he rejected Senator Taft's views on foreign policy and said that America could not "go it alone"—that we must work with other countries who share our ideals of freedom and justice.

But Ike also has been asserting his leadership in less dramatic ways. He simply calls senators and representatives to the White House for a talk, or calls them over the telephone. He did a lot of missionary work, for example, in trying to head off a threatened rebellion against a cut in the Air Force appropriation.

Republicans in Congress say it is awfully hard to resist Ike's arguments when he is dealing with military matters or foreign affairs. This is so, they say, not alone because of his power of persuasion, but because of his vast experience as a soldier-statesman.





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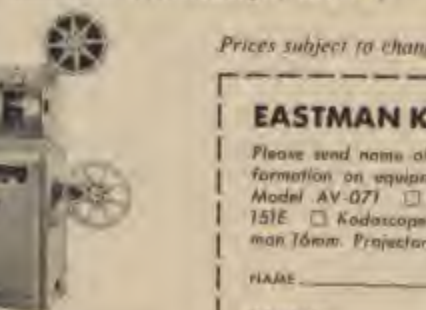
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# IS YOUR HOSPITAL SAFE?

By WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT

**E**ACH ONE and six tenths seconds a new patient enters one of the country's 6,903 hospitals. That's approximately 19,625,000 admissions annually or the equivalent—in eight years—of our present estimated population of almost 160,000,000. Hospital safety thus becomes a matter of vital personal concern to everyone.

You may well ask: Is my hospital safe? Since the two holocausts of 1949—the fires which destroyed St. Anthony's Hospital at Effingham, Ill., with the loss of 74 lives, including 14 babies, and St. Elizabeth's at Davenport, Iowa, with 41 fatalities—the cause of fire safety in hospitals has made great progress. The result is that our hospitals generally are safer than ever, according to George Bugbee, executive director of the American Hospital Association.

But how safe is that? Our average of 1,500 fires in hospitals each year indicates that much remains to be done.

Hospitals are like people—good, bad and in-

different. Many hospitals are zealous in safety practices, a few are criminally negligent, and a number drift along with the old-fashioned notion that "It can't happen here."

Fate or Providence seems to have dealt kindly with hospitals, judging by the few catastrophes compared to the many hazards uncovered in the past. Yet disastrous fires in recent months in nursing homes, some of them uninspected, give warning of fatal laxity wherever the sick are involved.

Practically all hospital disasters can be prevented by constant vigilance. Though many hospital buildings are old and hazardous and new structures may be out of the question, there is none which cannot be made safer by various measures, including cooperation with hospital authorities.

Shortly after the disasters of 1949 the National Board of Fire Underwriters volunteered to make or supervise inspections of all hospitals





*Our institutions  
for the sick  
are safer than ever,  
yet the record is  
far from perfect*

in the country for fire hazards, from poor housekeeping to structural defects, and to offer recommendations for correcting them. For three years, teams of fire prevention engineers, health and safety experts were on the job, applying the latest scientific knowledge with the aim of saving lives, preventing injuries, and eliminating fire dangers.

More than 1,700 experienced men took part. The American Hospital Association, hospital administrators, architects, the National Safety Council, state and city authorities, fire departments, the American Medical Association, the National Fire Protection Association and others have cooperated in the vast enterprise. Fire and casualty companies underwrote expenses; each hospital received a detailed plan of action.

As a result, hundreds of hospitals, large and small, old and new, throughout the United States are making vigorous efforts to eliminate fire hazards.

Here are some questions regarding hospital safety you might like to ask in your community:

1. Does your hospital practice good housekeeping? It used to be a term applied primarily to homes; now it goes for factories, office buildings, department stores, hospitals and public institutions of every type. Good housekeeping in the modern sense means fighting danger as well as dirt. There is fire as well as germs in dirty rags tossed into a dark corner, risk in letting oily cloths accumulate, or permitting dust to gather in out of the way places; even dirty dustmops are hazardous.

More hospital fires are caused by careless smokers than by any other reason—and the increase is ominous.

Twenty-two years ago smoking accounted for 3.8 per cent of the blazes. Now it is the cause of more than 20 per cent. Electrical fires offer the next greatest hazard, and spontaneous combustion the

third. Kitchens, closets, storerooms for anesthetics and oxygen tents, and shops in basements, are the locations of more than 50 per cent of the blazes; only 11 per cent start in patients' quarters.

A study by the National Fire Protection Association over a period of years reveals how poor housekeeping causes hospital tragedies. Take some instances: Fire, probably due to spontaneous combustion, broke out in a basement storage room of a hospital; five women perished in the flames. A match head flying off when it was being struck landed in oil spilled on a basement floor, the ensuing fire destroyed the hospital building and caused 32 deaths. An overheated pan of grease in a hospital kitchen spread fire and ruin and brought death to seven. An insecure light tube, used for skin infection treatment, fell into a baby's crib, burst and burned the child to death.

During the year of the Effingham and Davenport disasters, the Fire Prevention Association of Ohio found serious dangers in some of the hospitals it inspected. It discovered homemade incubators of cardboard, with unguarded incandescent lights providing the heat and open wiring nestling in a maze of dust, discarded swabs and bits of gauze. These firetrap incubators also served as makeshift oxygen tents for sick babies. It also uncovered rigged-up contraptions serving as heat lamps, particularly in maternity wards.

Inspectors noted a major fire hazard in housekeeping laxity in one hospital, which stored X-ray films in open wooden holders on stairs. A lighted cigarette stub tossed carelessly among them might have started a disaster.

Also, the operating room's emergency exit was filled with discarded furniture, while the attic was strewn with combustible debris.

The Ohio fire association brought about correction of all these conditions.

These extreme instances indicate how serious fire





hazards can develop where housekeeping is not kept at a high level. Carelessness feeds on itself, and the results too often are losses of life and property.

2. Does your hospital sufficiently safeguard against electrical fires? Everyone today is aware of the dangers in homes of defective wiring, loose plugs, worn insulation, short-circuiting and overloaded circuits, and of exposed connections. The same dangers are possible in hospitals. But there are additional hazards in special electrical equipment for treating patients. This, combined with the employment of explosive gases, means that every possible safeguard must be employed.

The most dramatic of all the electrical dangers is the operating room explosion which can result from an anesthetic gas being ignited by live electricity or static sparks. Such a disaster is rare, but the fact that it can occur at all may pose a dread for some patients awaiting surgery. According to Kent W. Francis, industrial safety publicist of the National Safety Council and a member of the American Hospital Association's committee on safety, an anesthesia explosion occurs in every 100,000 administrations, and one in five such explosions results in death.

Safety rules prescribed by the American Hospital Association are rigid in this regard; all electrical appliances, connections and equipment should be kept in order and inspected frequently.

3. Has your hospital made all structural adjustments possible for it in the interests of safety? It is recognized that many out-of-date hospital buildings cannot be made to conform to modern standards of safety; also that most hospitals are pressed for funds and cannot safeguard their premises as they would like. Yet in varying degrees most hos-

pitals can improve the safety in their buildings.

Open staircases or stair wells are a direct invitation to death to enter. Fire authorities assert the Hotel LaSalle fire in Chicago, which cost 61 lives, would probably have been nonfatal if the open stairways from the first floor had been protected by emergency fire doors. Smoke billowing upward suffocated guests by the dozens. On the other hand, an open stairway leading directly to the fourth floor nursery of a southern hospital was closed off shortly before a dangerous fire less than two years ago; it prevented a draft that might easily have spread the flames to the spot where 34 newborn infants were housed. Emergency fire doors to close off open staircases are a must for every hospital.

Two widely separated exits also are imperative to patients' safety. All exit doors should be indicated by red lights, should swing outward, and should be so equipped they can easily be opened from the inside by a push on a bar or the turn of a knob.

Dumb-waiters and clothes chutes should be lined with fire-resistant materials and equipped with fire doors at every opening. These structural arrangements are like a huge chimney, offering incredible drafts to incipient blazes. More than one fire has been started by a lighted cigarette tossed into bedding or clothes consigned to the laundry and fanned into a blaze in a clothes chute. It is reported an institutional fire—which caused a number of deaths—started when a panicky attendant picked up a blazing tablecloth set afire by an overturned candle and tossed it down a dumb-waiter. Grease and dust lining the chute turned the building into a flaming torch in a matter of moments.

Boiler rooms, kitchens, laundries, carpenter and paint shops, storage rooms and attics should be either under constant supervision or equipped with automatic sprinklers. If possible, hazardous areas should be lined with fire-resistive materials. Ample extinguishers of the right. (Continued on page 84)



# THE REAL RADICALS: U.S. BUSINESSMEN

By HERBERT HARRIS

Progressives are those who upset the status quo

**A**“AMERICA is a whale of a success,” said a wise statesman some 30 years ago in referring to the way our economy thrives. But today, when our success is more sweeping than ever, we are slow about admitting it. One reason is that we never stop criticizing our own shortcomings. Whether constructive, or merely cantankerous, this goes on day and night; because we believe that nothing is fixed, frozen or final, and that the search for improvement is a responsibility both personal and national.

The “Star Spangled Banner” is still our official anthem, but the refrain we constantly chant is “Anything You Can Do, You Should Do Better.”

The resulting din is terrific. It is intensified by the noisy ignorance about us voiced by even our friends overseas. To be sure, a handful understand and admire the nature of our system. But most of them believe the American economy is still in the fancied age of the robber barons.

Still other foreigners contend that, in running our economy, we are obsessed by gadgets; that we have become robots of the machine to such an extent that we are eager to drag the rest of humanity down with us into the depths of our technocratic barbarism.

All this clamor, domestic and im-

ported, has produced an atmosphere that makes us either overdiffident or overdefensive and in the latter instance we tend to get angry and shout. Moreover, we have been so preoccupied with performing our miracles of production and distribution, and taking them for granted, that we rarely call time out to assess the significance of what we have accomplished.

Yet we can say, and in no narrow spirit of chauvinism, that we have built an economic civilization which is not only new and unprecedented but is also superior to any other in the annals of mankind, whether measured by the criteria of material strength, social equity, or opportunity for the individual.

**T**o point this out is not to claim that we have reached a state of blissful perfection where no faults remain and no problems plague us. It is simply to recognize the essential quality of the economic epic we have wrought out of our will to be free.

We have vindicated by works our faith in freedom which we define as the ability of a person responsible for himself to choose alternatives, economic, political and moral, without impairing the rights of others.

This is the spiritual mainspring of our mastery over our physical

environment. It is the American Idea, a standard of life that we have translated into standards of living. It accounts for the uniquely dynamic, flexible and buoyant character of our economy.

It explains why we have gone beyond socialism, proving it to be as obsolete in theory as it is reactionary in fact. It is the height of irony that Marxism, whether exemplified by a Malenkov or a Beyan, should ever be regarded as “radical” or “progressive.” The Soviet Union has been traveling backward into the past, reviving all the dark practices of ancient despotisms. Communism is only Caesarism with a MIG and a cyclotron. Like the Roman emperors, the masters of the Kremlin enslave their own and other peoples, manipulate the masses and deify themselves and rule by force and fraud, and worship power for the sake of power and lust after conquest. The USSR’s economic plunder of its satellites is but another version of the tribute imperial Rome extorted from its provinces.

The nationalization of industry, as in Britain, is based on the archaic nineteenth century doctrine that to transfer a title of ownership from a corporation to the state will automatically provide the incentives to increase output and otherwise benefit society,



an assumption not sustained by recent events.

The real radicals and progressives in the economic world are American businessmen, entrepreneurs, and management professionals. When they try out or adopt a new method in manufacturing or merchandising, they set in motion a chain reaction of economic innovation at home and abroad. To be sure, they don't do it all by themselves. They have help from technicians in engineering, in the laboratory, in the advertising agency, and from countless others. They have help from trade associations which promote the exchange and cross-fertilization of ideas. They are helped when the Government acts to restrain excesses even though this sometimes results in throwing the baby out with the dirty bath water.

**GRANTING** all this aid from everybody else, however, our businessmen remain pace setters and catalytic agents of our economic advancement because it is their initiative upon which we depend for getting things done.

What businessmen and the rest of us do not sufficiently realize is that, in the process of getting our economy to function efficiently and fairly, we have refuted Marx on the two major premises of his philosophy. He prophesied that, under capitalism, as it developed, the workers (or proletariat) would inevitably grow poorer, as employers (the bourgeoisie) would siphon up an ever-larger proportion of income, concentrating it at the top. At some point the "toilers" would rise in revolt against their degradation and, by revolution, would seize control of all productive property from their "oppressors." This was ordained by the dialectics of the class struggle.

In the United States, exactly the opposite has happened. Instead of being further impoverished, the worker has been getting richer. His real wages have steadily risen until they are about eight times higher than 100 years ago when Marx was gazing into his crystal ball.

Over the same period, hours of labor have declined from an average of 69 a week in 1850 to 49 in 1929 to about 41 today (including overtime). Moreover, the worker's security has been buttressed by various pension plans. His children in increasing numbers complete high school and go on to college. His diet, like his car and TV set, are less and less distinguishable from those of people in business and the professions.

On a comparative basis, dating from the days of Marx's prediction, the worker's position has improved more than that of any other occupational group. His present stake in our economy, and his status in it, are only the most dramatic symbols of our movement toward a "classless society," that brightest promise of the Marxists, but a promise on which we—not they—are delivering.

Everybody else has prospered along with the worker as our income has kept rising from a per capita average of \$340 at the century's turn to \$600 a generation ago to about \$1,075 today (as calculated in 1929 dollars).

And we have distributed that income among all segments of the population in a manner that has pounded the last nails into the coffin of the class struggle thesis. The share going to our wealthiest one per cent (\$16,000 a year and more after taxes) has declined from 13 per cent in 1929 to seven per cent in 1946 to around six per cent at the moment.

**SIMILARLY**, the share apportioned to the highest five per cent of the well-to-do and opulent, taken together (from \$8,000 to \$16,000, and more after taxes), has dwindled from 28 per cent in 1929 to 17 per cent in 1946 and has hovered around that latter figure during the past seven years. But the remaining 95 per cent of Americans are incomparably better off than ever, especially the more than half of the gainfully employed in the \$2,500 to \$6,500 a year range.

Along with income, ownership not only of personal possessions but also of wealth-producing property has been widely diffused. A million people own stock in our national telephone network, but not one of them has more than one tenth of one per cent of the total.

By the same token, 88,000 owners employ 26,000 men and women in a Montana copper company; 28,500 owners employ 8,000 people in a Texas oil concern; 77,400 owners employ 7,000 wage and salary earners in a California electric light and power corporation, and the list could be endlessly prolonged.

This is something new in the world. It means that we have worked out the most important equalization of wealth in all history. We have done it by "leveling up" methods all our own. We have done it not by confiscation, nationalization, or by taking away, but rather by enlarging the size of the pie to enable the 95 per cent major-

ity to acquire a bigger slice, while the five per cent minority have, on the whole, held their own. For the shrinking of their share has occurred more in relative than in absolute terms even though, in not a few cases, the operations of the tax collector have unduly penalized those in the upper brackets, drying up sources of investment funds and of benefactions to hospitals, museums, universities and other philanthropy.

But the comparative contraction in the "take" of the five per cent minority is mainly due to such other causes as: 1, plowing more profits back into a business either for reserves or expansion; 2, dispensing dividend payments on a wider scale; 3, the general fattening of pay envelopes.

Viewed in the round, the key fact is that while our per capita income, in constant dollars, has nearly doubled since 1929, our profits, wages and salaries have all been going up together.

This marks one of the most momentous social revolutions of all time. Yet it has passed among us almost unnoticed, and certainly unsung, while its staggering implications are ignored elsewhere.

Moreover, the private and public  
(Continued on page 58)





# DIVIDED AUTHORITY



*An example of confused highway administration;*

30,000 different administrations,  
each with its own ideas, are  
as much a part of our problem  
as too little money,  
or too few places to park

By **BOOTON HERNDON**

**N**ORTHWEST of Baltimore, Md., lies one of the most beautiful highways in the world. Perfectly engineered, beautifully graded, of dual construction with concrete roadways, this four-mile stretch of road is a monument to American road building.

It's also a monument to the fantastic administrative muddle that American highways find themselves in, because this road is practically inaccessible to vehicular travel. In short, you can't drive anywhere on it.

There is no road leading to this road!

This Maryland highway, not yet connected to any other, is the extreme example of one of the major faults of the highway program—too many administrative agencies. It was completed by the state highway commission more than two years ago to feed into the by-pass around Baltimore. Unfortunately, there is no by-pass around Baltimore. The highway

administrations of the County of Baltimore and the City of Baltimore have only recently after 20 years' wrangling got together on where to put it.

This is perhaps the most ludicrous example of confused highway administration, but it is by no means the only one. The average businessman would go crazy trying to operate within the framework of a typical state highway department. The only bright spot in this gloomy muddle is that a few states have recognized the problem and have taken steps to solve it. It is their example which will guide and encourage other states.

Much has been said, much printed, proving that our highways are more deficient today than at any time in automotive history. Exhaustive studies prove that we lose more miles of highway through obsolescence than we build, and at a time of great increase in highway travel. We actually waste more money in congestion, in accidents and death, in property loss and in wear and tear on vehicles and tires, than it would cost us to have an efficient highway network.

Experts in the field have estimated the rock-bottom cost of this network at \$50,000,000,000 over the next 15 years—and that would only keep us even.

Actually, we spend far less. Much of that is dissipated, dispersed and diverted in a basic but badly overlooked fault of the highway system—its management. We do not even know how many managers we have. Wilfred Owen, in his authoritative "Automotive Transportation," estimates that 33,800 autonomous governmental agencies are in the highway business. On the other hand Keith L. Seegmiller, general counsel of the National Association of County Officials, will not attempt a guess.

"We hope in the next few years to be able to make a thorough study of the problem," he said wryly. "Until then I have no idea how many highway agencies there are, and I don't know anybody who does."

Highway legislation is something that has just



# BLOCKS BETTER ROADS



*a dual highway completed two years ago but practically useless because extending roads are unfinished*

grown. Michigan has a highway setup far superior to most states, but you have to root through 11 volumes of law to find out what it is. There is no tradition of highway law; we are still in the first generation of highway legislators.

When the automobile first came into being, roads, like schools, were in the province of the smaller units of government. County legislators sooner or later became disgusted with county-wide stretches of mud between them and the state capital, and as a result each state created some kind of central authority. With four exceptions, however—North Carolina, Virginia, West Virginia, and Delaware—where the states have authority over all roads, local legislators retained control over local roads. Counties, townships, towns, boroughs, districts—all clung jealously to their own network. There exist in this country today separate and complete governmental units, actually attempting to maintain roads, with populations of less than a dozen people and annual budgets of less than \$10.

In North Dakota, for instance, the counties, sparsely populated as they are, are broken up again into townships, so that there are 1,804 different highway agencies in this one state. How can such a small unit afford its own modern road equipment? The answer, of course, is that it can't and so last year 19 counties made no effort whatsoever at snow removal. For as much as five months, counting the spring thaw, these roads, in the United States of America in the year 1953, were completely impassable.

There are thousands of miles of gravel roads in the nation. Where the summer months are dry, each vehicle kicks up a cloud of dust. This dust is actually the binder material which holds the gravel together in the wintertime. Without it the gravel is worthless and must be replaced. In efficient highway operation this gravel is scraped up each spring by a road patrol machine and piled in windrows to be respread in the fall.

But a road patrol machine costs anywhere from \$10,000 to \$25,000. It costs \$35 a day to run it, not including the \$250 per month for the operator. Even in the populous state of Ohio the highway budgets of the 1,300 townships average out to less than \$7,500. As a matter of sheer arithmetic, adequate maintenance of roads on a township level is impossible.

Many states which do not have townships create the same effect by splitting their counties into districts, each under a supervisor. It's human to want to show off a bit, and each supervisor likes to have some shiny equipment getting rusty in his back yard. As a result, for every dollar put into road construction and maintenance throughout the nation, more than three dollars are tied up in new equipment.

In addition to these rural units of government, thousands of municipalities in the country also keep tenacious control over their roads and streets.

There are also innumerable quasi-legal organizations, each with a monkey wrench ready to throw in the works, groups which find reasons for not getting things done.

Grins Roy Jorgenson of the National Highway Users Conference: "We used to say a project was in the planning stage. Now it's in the protest stage!"

It is the legal agencies, the smaller governmental units, which rob the major highways to pay for the minor roads, however. This is what really hurts, for 75 per cent of all traffic is on ten per cent of the roads. The most rural of all highway users, the farmer, still does 50 per cent of his driving on the primary network.

Highway safety is also a tragic victim of our horse-and-buggy administration of roads. Studies which resulted in a Uniform Vehicle Code, approved by all major safety organizations, were inaugurated under the direction of the Secretary of Commerce when that office was held by Herbert Hoover. They have proceeded continuously to date. This code,



and its counterpart for cities, the Model Traffic Ordinance, are the products of the finest safety-engineering minds in the world—but what good are they if they are not adopted?

Traffic laws vary from state to state, county to county. In a study of nine Michigan towns, all in a line, all sorts of variances were discovered. Ordinances providing for one simple driving operation, making a left turn, change four times in these nine towns.

Even the hand signal differs widely. Most states follow the model code—down for stop, out straight for left, up for right. But if you have ever swung to the right to pass a driver who gives the signal for a left turn, then have him suddenly cut right into you, you have learned the hard way that in some states the driver sticks his hand straight out no matter what he's going to do.

In some states a prospective applicant for a driver's license is required to take a driving test. In most of these states teen-agers who have completed high school driving classes know far more

than the political jobholders who give them the tests. But in many states no test at all is required—in Arkansas you don't even have to appear in person. And in Maryland a driver's license is good for life, whether the holder loses his eyesight, becomes hopelessly senile, or turns into a raving maniac.

Several states have adopted a safety-responsibility type of legislation, but there are still several in which a jobless indigent can run you down with an uninsured \$50 junk heap and not only get away without paying a nickel, but continue to drive his junk heap with perfect impunity.

There are 18 ways in which states denote no-passing zones. In hilly Tennessee, despite the cost of paint, you can find, for mile on mile, three solid lines running down the middle of the road.

The color combination of yellow and black has been generally accepted by most states for roadside signs, but a few still insist on a hard-to-see red, and Maryland uses a near-invisible black and white sign.

Safety experts are generally agreed that traffic



Richard L. Bowditch

## NEW LEADERS

**S**IXTEEN new officers and directors have been elected by the Chamber of Commerce of the United States. The organization's new president is Richard L. Bowditch, president, C. H. Sprague and Son Company, Boston.

Laurence F. Lee, president, Occidental Life Insurance Company, Raleigh, N. C., and Peninsular Life Insurance Company, Jacksonville, Fla., has moved from the Chamber's presidency to chairman of the board; D. A. Hulcy, president, Lone Star Gas Company, Dallas, has become chairman of the executive committee.

Clyde B. Dempster, president, Dempster Mill Manufacturing



Laurence F. Lee



D. A. Hulcy



Clyde B. Dempster



Dean H. Mitchell



lights should be red, yellow, and green, that they should be located on posts on the corners of the intersections, and that the lights should change from green to yellow to red, and from red direct to green. Yet in New York there is no amber light, in Los Angeles the traffic signals ring bells, drop levers, flash lights—and are hung where you can't see them.

Although since Pearl Harbor more people have been killed on our highways than on the battlefields of two wars, four states have yet even to hold a safety conference. Although the Uniform Traffic Code has been endorsed by the Council of State Governments and the Governors' Conference, only 13 states have adopted it.

In addition to grief and pain, lack of uniformity on highways costs hard dollars. Years of study on the part of such well grounded groups as the American Association of State Highway Officials have gone into the problem of size and weight limitations of motor trucks, and wise and fair standards have been established. Still one state may permit flagrantly overloaded trucks to do costly damage to

its highways, while the state adjacent to it may impose such strict limitations as to interfere seriously with the movement of goods.

Even in the confused field of highway administration it is now possible to achieve uniformity at no sacrifice to the time-honored traditions of the individual state. The first thorough study in this field was made in 1917, and even then it was established that faulty administration was a contributing important factor to the unsatisfactory condition of the highways. The real tragedy lies in the fact that the answers to the problem are available; there is simply no reason to continue this way.

A few years ago the State of Washington requested the Automotive Safety Foundation to make a study of its highway setup from top to bottom. "I'll never forget my introduction to the state," C. F. McCormack, engineer for the foundation, said recently. "It was at a dinner for the highway officials of Washington's 39 counties and 1,000 or so autonomous municipalities. Telegrams from those who could not attend were" (Continued on page 64)

## OF THE CHAMBER

Company, Beatrice, Nebr., has become a vice president; Dean H. Mitchell, president, Northern Indiana Public Service Company, Hammond, Ind., is now treasurer.

Elected to serve as directors for the first time:

District 2—Roger W. Clipp, general manager, The Philadelphia Inquirer Stations, Philadelphia.

District 3—Elmer I. Eshleman, vice president, Western Maryland Trust Company, Frederick, Md.

District 5—George Romney, executive vice president, Nash-Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit.

District 6—Edwin P. Bergeron, president, Kankakee Auto Leasing Corporation, Kankakee, Ill.

District 8—Jarvis D. Davenport, president, Sturgis Water Works,

Sturgis, South Dakota.

Agriculture—D. Howard Doane, chairman of the board, Doane Agricultural Services, St. Louis.

Foreign Commerce—Bradshaw Mintener, vice president, Pillsbury Mills, Inc., Minneapolis.

Manufacture—Walter A. Richards, president, Tom Huston Peanut Company, Columbus, Ga.

Transportation and Communication—J. H. Carmichael, president, Capital Airlines, Inc., Washington, D. C.

At-Large—Horace C. Henderson, immediate past president, United States Junior Chamber of Commerce, Williamsburg, Va. Gus Wortham, president, American General Insurance Company, Houston.



Edwin P. Bergeron



J. H. Carmichael



Roger W. Clipp



Jarvis D. Davenport



D. Howard Doane



Elmer I. Eshleman



Horace C. Henderson



Bradshaw Mintener



Walter A. Richards



George Romney



Gus Wortham



But I  
want  
to  
live  
there



PHOTOS BY WINCHELLE HAYES

*Some folks like to visit New York but wouldn't want to make it their home. Miss Kilgallen loves it and wouldn't live elsewhere*

**I**F I COULD spend the rest of my life in any spot on the globe—from Rome to Copenhagen, from Dallas to Hanoi—I would choose to live on the island of Manhattan, U.S.A. I would live where I could hear auto horns, and look up at skyscrapers and see a tree. I would live in a red brick house in the Sixties, a stone's throw from Central Park and a nice walk from the Plaza fountain.

And that's exactly where I do live.

So call me happy, and call me lucky. I occupy just the space I want to occupy on planet Earth—a few square feet of land in the heart of the dazzling, thrilling, fascinating, challenging, extraordinary city of New York. Which-ever way I walk through my front door, I'm where I want to be.

I don't disparage other places on the map. Paris is enchanting, and

I am enchanted by it. Baghdad is a fine place for a stroll; I've strolled there. For all I know, life in Pago Pago is everything the sailors say, and maybe Samoa is swell.

But I happen to like New York. I like it hot and I like it cold. I like it come rain or come shine. I find it flawless and wonderful.

Sad but understandable is the visitor who spends a few days in my town and goes back to Centerville muttering, "I wouldn't live in New York if you gave me the place!" I feel sorry for him, as I do for the politer one who murmurs, "It's a nice place to visit, but—"

Actually, it isn't a nice place to visit. It is too big and too complex and too intellectually remote and too expensive to enjoy over the Fourth of July or during a fortnight in August. New York is a place to live—to have your doorsill



## By DOROTHY KILGALLEN

and your telephone number and your bed and your job and your love.

I've met the fellow who was disappointed in New York. I've met dozens like him, and the case history is always painfully the same.

His name is Ed. He came here for a sales meeting, or a convention, or—at best—a World Series game or a prize fight. He paid a stiff rate for a noisy room in a hotel that is big and commercial and graceless, despite the famous name that sounds frighteningly swank back home. And the bellhop's cruel sneer at his quarter tip made him feel like a hick before he even got his hat off. He had to wait in line to see the show at the Music Hall. He walked into a restaurant on a side street in the Fifties and paid more than \$5 for a dinner he didn't enjoy any more than many he'd had for less than two bucks at the YMCA cafeteria at home.

It rained the day he planned to take the boat out to the Statue of Liberty. He didn't feel like going to an art museum although he knew Hazel would have thought he ought to. So he killed time at a barber shop and bought some souvenirs.

The headwaiter at El Morocco took one look at his white shoes and the handpainted safin tie with the Hawaiian girl on it and hooked up the velvet rope with nervous fingers, calling Ed *monsieur* and assuring him he was very sorry, unless there was a reservation, although it was only six o'clock and

Ed could see acres of empty tables inside.

He did get into the Stork Club. But although he sat at the bar for more than an hour—at \$1.25 a drink—he didn't see Arthur Godfrey or even the Duchess of Windsor. Nobody spoke to him, or gave him a pair of red suspenders, or sent him a bottle of champagne.

The magazine they slipped under his door at the hotel had said the show at the Blue Angel was "scintillating" and "not to be missed" so he took that in. But the girl sang everything in French and he didn't understand what those two pale young men were talking about even though they spoke English. By the time he turned in he was convinced that Hazel at home wasn't missing a thing.

The case history isn't much more cheery when Hazel comes to New York with him. But if anything, it's worse, when the boys go whooping it up in a group. They hit the little side street bars with the bad liquor and the naughty blondes, and the big night clubs with the button-size tables and the king-size show girls. Yet they never see the inside of a truly elegant bistro or eat a really magnificent meal. They pay for the best seats at Broadway shows, but they never get backstage. They stand on the wide beautiful avenues and bend back slightly for the conventional gawk at the tall buildings. Then they walk away. They are not invited in to meet the people—stimu-

lating, eager, strange, withdrawn, brilliant and famous—who work and live in those slim, fantastic towers.

These visitors to New York are out of tempo and lonely—but not with the glad excited loneliness of the resident who walks a nighttime street dwarfed by the silent buildings whose secrets he knows, or guesses. Theirs is the loneliness of the alien, the shut-out, the uncomprehending.

Who can blame them if they go away grumbling? They have made no impact on the glamorous giant. They have come and gone and no one has cared, or even noticed. They touched no one, and they were not touched. They brought no gift to the giant, and he gave them none.

You have to live in New York. Then you know. Then you feel the beat. Then the alarm going off in the morning is like a stage manager's voice saying, "Curtain going up!" And there are many nights when you hate to go to bed for fear of missing something.

Why do I love New York? What's so wonderful about it?

The people, first of all.

People make a city. They give it breath and vigor and variety, and if they are exciting the city is exciting.

New York has all the kinds of people there are in the world. It has Greeks and Serbs and Irish and Romanians and Indians and  
(Continued on page 68)

*You can bowl, roller skate, or even go for a ride in a park like a princess*



*It's possible the same day to hear a symphony or that "cool crazy" jazz*



*At mealtime you can have a hot dog or pheasant costing \$18*







*Local governments face problems that cannot be solved cheaply.*

**T**HE king-size problems of the urban age are putting a new squeeze on America's taxpayers.

Three mounting pressures—worn-out city plants, swollen populations and inflated prices—are bringing higher local taxes across the nation. The bill for existing improvement needs and programs may run as high as \$100,000,000,000.

Every city has its needs.

Augusta, Ga., must spend about \$5,000,000 for expanded water and sewer facilities to serve thousands of new H-bomb workers. New York City has slashed expenses but still needs millions of dollars in new revenue to wipe out its huge annual deficits. Six more miles of the John C. Lodge Expressway must be built as part of Detroit's minimum traffic requirements. The bill: \$50,000,000.

Quincy, Mass., must repair its water system. Eugene, Ore., needs a new city hall. Baltimore is thinking about a \$75,000,000 tunnel to carry traffic around the business section. Los Angeles is in the midst of a \$500,000,000 water and power expansion program. Chicago is clearing 52 acres of downtown slums.

Such vital improvements, many long overdue, must be paid for by the urban taxpayer. Local taxes are going up, and they're due to go higher.

The cost of running some 112,000 American cities, counties, school districts and other local units now totals about \$11,000,000,000 a year. That's more than twice what it cost in 1939 at a time of high relief rolls, or in 1945 when cities emerged from the forced economies of World War II.

All types of local spending have increased. State aid to local governments has jumped from less than \$2,000,000,000 annually a decade ago to about \$4,500,000,000 this year, including about \$2,000,000,000 in federal money paid to the states but used mainly in cities. Local debts, already at a record peak, are climbing. Substantial budget deficits have some cities in a quandary.

Heaviest pressure on local budgets is coming from the huge stock of public improvements sorely needed in almost every city and town. The inability of cities to add to such basic equipment as

bridges, water plants and schools during the steel shortages of World War II and most of the Korean crisis has further strained inadequate, outmoded facilities.

Besides the big backlog of public improvements, two other pressures have brought higher governmental costs in most cities. One is inflated prices, doubling the cost of classrooms, payrolls, public works and other civic necessities since 1939. The second is the steady growth of the American population.

In less than two centuries the United States has changed from a nation of farmers to a nation of city folk. Two out of three Americans now live in cities. About 85,000,000 persons live in 168 metropolitan areas, squeezed into seven per cent of the nation's land. Some cities in the South and West have gained 100 per cent or more in population since 1940.

This urban tide has produced a staggering growth in the problems of cities. City dwellers who moved to the suburbs to escape congestion and high taxes now often find their surroundings just as crowded and their taxes just as high as in the cities they left behind. As city and suburban populations swell, better water and sewage facilities, more police and fire protection, new schools, more paved streets and new park areas become imperative.

IN SUBURB after suburb, city after city, higher population brings higher taxes. Even in cities where the population remains stable, the rise in the cost of living boosts tax bills.

Dr. Frederick L. Bird, director of municipal research for Dun & Bradstreet, Inc., estimates the backlog of municipal improvements at \$100,000,000,000. That includes: \$60,000,000,000 for roads, \$15,000,000,000 for schools, \$10,000,000,000 for hospitals, \$10,000,000,000 for water supplies and river purification and \$5,000,000,000 for other items. Already our cities are issuing more than \$3,000,000,000 in bonds for new public projects every year. Even this total is inadequate.

Taken city by city and town by town, America's



# ARE GOING TO TOWN



*But the cost of ignoring needs can be even higher in the future*

urban problems add up to a formidable sum. Here are some of the items to be included:

School enrollments are rising at the rate of more than 1,100,000 children every year. Half-century-old buildings, teacher shortages, overcrowded classrooms, inadequate teacher salaries—all are problems in almost every city, town and school district. The bill for improving the schools will be high.

School and nonschool employes of local government now number more than 3,000,000—more than the civilian employes of the federal Government. Under pressure of inflation and higher salary standards, their monthly payroll is now about double the \$421,000,000 total of 1946.

SIXTY-FOUR million motorists throughout the country fume at delays and traffic jams. Chuckholes and crumbled pavements mar the nation's 287,000 miles of urban streets. The price of new urban arterial highways runs up to \$12,000,000 a mile.

In 1935, about 8,000,000 Americans were more than 65 years old. Now there are 12,000,000. Many of these elder citizens have serious problems of housing, chronic illness and recreation that must be solved partly by local government.

Recurrent water shortages in some cities have brought bathless days and 100-mile pipelines. Engineers who used to figure city water needs at 100 gallons a day per person now find 200 gallons a more accurate figure. New industrial processes gulp millions of gallons of water daily.

Our cities need about 15,000 new or improved sewage plants. It was estimated in 1950 that 3,000 communities were dumping 2,500,000,000 tons of raw sewage into our streams every day. To halt river pollution takes cooperation between cities and states—and money.

A government commission on health needs reported that America needs 230,000 new general hospital beds. Many of these are required in the city and city-county hospitals of the nation.

The commission criticized cities for their inadequate public health services.

By **CALVIN W. MAYNE**

Despite the millions of new homes built since World War II, about half our houses are more than 30 years old. More than 1,000,000 homes are classed as dilapidated. Estimates show that it would cost many billions of dollars to take care of all of America's housing needs. A sizable chunk of this sum will be spent by cities and other units of government in slum clearance programs. Nearly 200 cities are working on clearance of blighted areas.

There are other local needs. Crime rates are up. More and better-paid policemen and scientific police equipment are needed in many areas. War on speeding motorists to reduce auto accidents costs money. New playgrounds have to be bought and developed. Deficits of municipally owned transit systems must be met, often through taxes, in a half dozen cities.

These are some of the basic needs of our cities. But city planners also envision new decentralized cities, with satellite suburbs linked by high speed arterial highways.

"Crowded, congested cities could be on their way out," said a recent report of Atlanta's Metropolitan Planning Commission. "In their place we could have a new type of city in the future—wide, green, open and well planned. Its people would be on wheels and wings, moving swiftly and surely from suburb to suburb, from rim to core and back again."

THE bill for meeting our cities' more mundane requirements, not to mention making these dreams come true, runs high. How will it be paid?

The much maligned property tax, once the mainstay of local finance, now provides only about one third of all municipal revenues. The role of this tax in municipal financial structures is steadily declining.

Cities are turning to new kinds of taxes to raise more money. Fifty-seven cities of more than 25,000 population impose

(Continued on page 74)





PHOTO BY EDWARD BUESS

# PRESIDENT'S VOICE: JAMES C. HAGERTY

White House press secretary works to smooth way  
for Eisenhower Administration, speed news of  
coming national programs to the people

By HENRY F. PRINGLE

CLOSE to a century ago Abraham Lincoln was pondering the relationship between the nation's newspapers and the Chief Executive. And now, in 1953, President Eisenhower is wrestling with the same difficulties.

Lincoln did not solve the puzzle, but he tried sincerely to do so. And never did he question the right of the people to be informed or the necessary right of the newspapers to have access to the President.

"This ready means of access," the Civil War President declared, "is the only link or cord which connects the people with the governing power; and, however unprofitable much of it is, it will be kept up."

Certain unprofitable aspects remain, while radical changes have marked the contacts of the White House and the press in the decades which have passed. A new Administration already faces the unavoidable contradictions which exist. The man with the immediate responsibility for removing them, if he can, is James C. Hagerty who comes well trained to his job as press secretary. But he finds the complications as difficult as any in the past; indeed more so. Among the new worries are radio and television. Too, this is the age of the

columnists who want a beat every day. Finally, less novel, are the congressmen whom the President must see if he has any hope of legislative cooperation.

Immediately after the inauguration, Mr. Hagerty faced distrust and suspicion toward his boss among the several hundred men and women who cover the White House as their routine duty. A blanket of censorship, rumor said, was about to enfold the pillared mansion which is listed in the telephone book as 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, Northwest. The laments did not cease when President Eisenhower held his first press conference Feb. 17, after several weeks of delay.

The former commanding general was nervous—as had been Harry S. Truman—when he faced the newspaper ranks. He did not show it, though. He took more than half the scheduled time with a long statement of the issues foremost in his mind. He allowed a brief time for questions and concluded the session himself, contrary to established custom, by saying good-by and leaving the room. Only scattered applause followed.

The complaints were immediate and loud.

Possibly the White House press





*Press Secretary Hagerty, right, must have the answers to any questions the President may be asked*

corps has been a touch spoiled by 20 years of close cordiality with Franklin D. Roosevelt and Mr. Truman.

"I hope you have as much fun with my successor as you have had with me," said the retiring President five days before he left office.

The correspondents said that facing President Eisenhower they had felt like GIs or as though "a five star general had been advising his staff about what he proposed to order at 1600 hours."

But a week later the President took up exactly two minutes with his opening remarks and then called for questions. The meeting ended, just as in the old days, with the "Thank you, Mr. President" voiced by Merriman Smith, dean of White House reporters. It may be assumed that the fine Irish hand of Mr. Hagerty was responsible.

It is true, of course, that the honeymoon period of the new era has not ended. The going will be rougher, very much more so, in the months ahead. Only time can tell whether the press conferences will improve or deteriorate. It is a safe assumption that they will not be abolished, at least by Mr. Eisenhower. But they may be made a futile waste of time, as they have been sometimes in the past. To

prevent this is one detail, but only one, of Jim Hagerty's job.

As he faces it young Jim has the trust of even the most critical White House reporters. A special asset is that he is the son of James A. Hagerty, the veteran political writer of the *New York Times* and certainly one of the truly loved members of the fourth estate. The second of three sons, Jim was born in May, 1909, in Plattsburg, N. Y., where his father was then working.

The respect and confidence he has earned have, however, been the result of his own activities. He was the campus reporter for the *Times* while an undergraduate at Columbia University where he specialized in history. On graduation he joined the *Times* staff and before long was assigned to cover the legislature at Albany. During five years of this he came to know and admire Gov. Thomas E. Dewey and in due course joined his secretarial staff. In 1943 he was appointed press secretary to the governor of New York.

At 44, Mr. Hagerty is a friendly, informal, rather gregarious person, of medium height with brown hair and blue eyes behind glasses. His nickname, mainly among the politicians he knows, is Seamas, the Irish for James. His family

calls him Jimmy; his friends, Jim. On the *Times* his by-line was James C. Hagerty, Jr., to prevent confusion in the composing room with James A. Hagerty, his father. But he likes to point out that the "Jr." was not quite accurate.

"My middle initial is C," he says. "And A comes before C, which is as it should be."

Jimmy, or Jim or Seamas, Hagerty's years with Governor Dewey made him fully familiar with campaign trains and with the perplexities of the correspondents assigned to them. Newspapermen like to repeat ruefully, among themselves, an experience described by the late Sir Philip Gibbs, the noted British journalist. Sir Philip told of an occasion when he had been assigned to accompany King Edward VII on a tour of rural England in the pre-automobile age. The King and his equerries occupied an ornate carriage at the head of the procession. Behind them came vehicles of the nobility and the local aristocracy. At the end, amid choking dust, were shabbier carriages bearing Sir Philip and the other pressmen.

They passed through a village where the inhabitants lined the route of the parade, cheered their King and applauded the blue-





*White House work starts early, as Mr. Hagerty soon found out*



*The first chore for him and colleague Murray Snyder is a page summary of the news for the President*

bloods who followed. But they gazed with curiosity at the bedraggled correspondents, and Sir Philip overheard two countrymen in conversation:

"And who be they?" asked the first.

"Wouldn't you be knowing?" replied the second. "They be the King's bastards."

The story echoes mournfully when a presidential train stops for a local speech. The incumbent or candidate roars ahead behind a motorcycle escort. Then come the state and city VIPs and politicians. The reporters are at the rear. Mr. Hagerty observed their plight on his campaign tours with Governor Dewey. When General Eisenhower was nominated, he found himself the New York governor's first gift to the Republican candidate. Jim pleaded the correspondents' cause in the vehement language of which he is quite capable. The newspapermen were far more important than senators, legislators or members of the state committee, he shouted at the officers. With a few exceptions, they listened to him.

Mr. Hagerty ran what the correspondents called an "efficient train" in 1952. The tours were made by bus, train and plane; few have been more energetic. But he contrived to have enough stenographers on board to take down the innumerable off-the-cuff speeches.

They sometimes had to transcribe their notes while sitting on

the floor of a bus or plane, but Mr. Hagerty saw to it that the newspapermen got copies in time to file their stories.

So when the President-elect announced Mr. Hagerty's appointment in November, he was already well known to the Washington press corps and was regarded as a friend. He was to need sadly his reservoir of good will. In the weeks before Jan. 20 a stream of Eisenhower men, slated for high office, came to Washington to survey the scene of their forthcoming labors. One, passing through the lobby of the executive offices in the White House, paused to gossip with two correspondents. He looked with distaste at the disorder caused by coats and hats piled on a large table in the center of the room.

"I can't see why you fellows need so much space," he said. "The general is going to require more for his staff. Besides, he won't like having his visitors questioned just outside his door."

From the incident a rumor spread that the correspondents would be evicted, possibly to a shack built for them on a corner of the lawn. A report from Eisenhower headquarters in New York City that regular press conferences were to be abolished added fuel to the flame.

The easy-going Roosevelt-Truman days appeared to have vanished. Secrecy was the new rule. Cabinet officers and their subordi-

nates had been warned not to talk.

The situation grew acute when Ike took his seat behind the presidential desk. Sen. Margaret Chase Smith of Maine declined to reveal what she and other members of the Senate had been served at a luncheon tendered by the President. The limousines of cabinet members were detoured away from the drive leading to the executive offices, where their occupants could easily be interviewed, on the excuse that they had caused traffic congestion. The cabinet scuttled into the White House through a back door.

All in all, Mr. Hagerty found plenty on his hands Jan. 20 and thereafter. He announced that he would see the correspondents twice each day, instead of only once as in the past.

It was a smart move in his own behalf because it would eliminate many of the telephone calls in the dead of night. But Jim was sincere.

His door, he said, would be open at all times to accredited newspaper people.

His job was essentially to answer all possible questions.

It quickly turned out that Senator Smith was merely being a lady when she refused to discuss the victuals offered by their host. Jim said that any other idea was ridiculous. The presidential guests, it was officially disclosed, partook of chicken, peas, a salad, rolls, presumably butter too, a sherbet and





*Mr. Hagerty sees correspondents twice a day, instead of only once as was commonly the case during recent years*



*Conferences are held with other members of the executive staff*

coffee—a typical White House meal. No item on the menu was a state secret.

The millions who voted for the winning presidential candidate know little about the labors of the man he named as his press secretary, an appointment probably more important to his success than that of most cabinet officers. Few jobs have so many difficulties, but Mr. Hagerty appears to be enjoying himself.

"I'm having a lot of fun and I'm learning a lot," he told his friends after he had been in office about a month.

One detail should be clearly understood. A press secretary has only one boss, the President of the United States. Mr. Eisenhower seems to be one who shows courtesy and confidence. Mr. Hagerty is constantly on call, of course. But the President normally sends one of the girls in the office to ask him to step in for a moment, instead of pressing a peremptory buzzer. Mr. Hagerty has access pretty much when he likes and usually attends cabinet meetings so that he will be fully informed. In short, he has the complete trust of the Chief Executive; without it his job would be hopeless.

The first chore of the early morning is to prepare a digest of the day's news. President Eisenhower, following his custom at SHAEF, demands that this be com-

*(Continued on page 79)*



*The press conference is a primary duty with 150 reporters on hand*

*End of the conference means back to work for Mr. Hagerty*







# HOW'S

## AN AUTHORITATIVE REPORT BY THE STAFF OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE OF THE UNITED STATES

### AGRICULTURE

CERTAIN farm price-support programs are moving into their final stages. The first stage was high price supports during and after the war. This led to high production and surpluses. In the approaching stage, the prospect is for marketing quotas or, as alternatives, unrestricted production and price supports at the 50 per cent level instead of the present 90 per cent.

Wheat, cotton and possibly corn producers soon may face this choice, because the Secretary of Agriculture is expected to proclaim acreage quotas applicable to the 1954 crop.

Under the formula the quota might limit wheat acreage to 55,000,000 compared to this year's 77,000,000, in hopes of reducing a surplus expected to reach 630,000,000 bushels by July 1, 1954.

However, the secretary's proposal would need approval by a two-thirds majority of eligible producers in a referendum vote.

Whether farmers dislike controls enough to gamble an estimated 50 cents a bushel to be free from restraint is the question that will be solved in July. Cotton farmers face that decision in October.

### CONSTRUCTION

THE construction industry is facing a tight money market. The

most frequent question: "How long will this continue?" The answer seems to be that, although the market may be tighter than the Treasury had planned, tight money is quite compatible with current Administration policy.

This tight money policy may have reduced the rate at which construction activity might have expanded, but it certainly has not reduced the volume of activity in comparison with past years.

Total construction during the first third of the year was nearly six per cent more than in the first third of 1952. Even residential building, most affected by the interest rate problem, has been going ahead at an average annual rate of about 1,170,000 new family units.

In short, there has been enough money to assure another top volume year. The outlook is that there will continue to be.

### CREDIT & FINANCE

ONE big question now is "After RFC, what?"

There seems to be little doubt that RFC as such will be eliminated, but pressure is strong for the substitution of some means of extending government credit, particularly to small business. The Treasury has proposed that some new agency be created for this job, while Chairman Martin of the Federal Reserve Board and various

others are proposing a specialized type of private banking institution, possibly with government insurance, to make long-term loans.

Crux of the debate is whether the Government should engage in direct lending to individuals, as in the case of RFC; or confine itself to insurance and guarantees of private activities; or maintain a hands-off policy.

The subject will be hot for the next few months since RFC is scheduled to die June 30, 1954, under existing law, and a Senate bill now pending would move that date up to Jan. 1.

### DISTRIBUTION

USING the generally accepted measurement of sales volume, distribution business can be classified as very good. Retailing in many areas is ten per cent or more above last year. There is no indication that this condition will change much in the immediate future, although vacations during the next three months will cause the usual fluctuations of retail sales.

One of the oddities in distribution at present is the skepticism of some business executives about future sales on one hand—and unbounded optimism among consumers on the other.

Distributors are doing a better job of selling and advertising than in recent years. This may account for the continued good business.

Inventories are rising for some products, especially hard goods, but not dangerously. Any rise in inventory, however, increases competition. This competition leads to a widespread use of all the devices of large volume—low margin operations, such as self-service, pre-packaging, demonstration units, etc. As net profits continue to be squeezed, more volume is needed.

### FOREIGN TRADE

A MEASURE which might increase trade by as much as \$1,000,000,000 a year is being considered by the House of Representatives. This is the bill that would reduce red tape, delay and uncertainties in the assessing of customs duties. The



# BUSINESS? a look ahead

new bill does not deal with tariffs.

Current outmoded procedures not only have been costly to the American importer—reflected in higher costs to the consumer—but have been an important deterrent to those seeking to enter the American market. If other countries are able to earn dollars to replace aid grants, our taxpayers will have merchandise on hand to show for dollars spent.

The present measure, written to avoid some of the criticisms of a similar bill which passed the House last year but died with the Eighty-second Congress, is not a sweeping reform. But any improvement in the technical barriers to imports would be of more immediate benefit than an extension of the present Trade Agreements Act which would have a more long-range effect on international trade.

## GOVERNMENT SPENDING

SOME federal agencies are going to have to begin the new fiscal year with no money. Several of the appropriations bills now pending in Congress, including a couple of the biggest, will not be passed until mid-July or later.

Since July 1 is fiscal New Year's day, stopgap continuing measures will have to be passed to allow the agencies involved to operate without their regular funds. This is always confusing and inefficient, because agency heads don't know whether their programs will be approved or not.

The reason for the delay in passing the bills could be the change in Administrations and the need to restudy the budget Mr. Truman submitted. However, the same thing has happened before, even without a change of Presidents.

To many observers, the situation is just the result of Congress' sticking to a horse-and-buggy appropriations system in an age of jet-propelled spending.

## LABOR RELATIONS

THE two major unions, the AFL and CIO, are beginning a new period in their history. With new presidents, both have reorganized

the structural lines which link them with local units all over the country, and both have new programs which emphasize organizing activities. The sharp pruning of regional offices which these organizations have just completed has freed many experienced and veteran union leaders for the organizing work which each has charted. They have entered an agreement to halt raiding of each other's membership. Their drives for members will be among the nation's estimated 45,000,000 unorganized workers.

Prospects for any real "weakening" of the Taft-Hartley Act have substantially disappeared as the Congressional labor committees piled up tremendous evidence that abusive union conduct persists despite the act—chiefly due to pro-labor bias in a variety of NLRB decisions.

## NATURAL RESOURCES

THE new tone in Congress for economy will show up strongly in appropriations for functions relating to natural resources. The House trimmed Interior Department and Army Engineers budget estimates 18 per cent.

Traditionally the Senate restores some of the cuts made by the House but this year it is expected to be less lenient than previously, being guided, as was the House, by the Administration's "economy" directive of Feb. 3. In other appropriation measures, evidence accumulates that, throughout Congress, emphasis is on economy, plus efficiency, plus greater participation by local governments and private enterprise in resources development.

In voting on the Army civil functions bill the House turned down 21 attempts to add funds for specific projects. On the Interior Department bill it also rejected several amendments which would have restored funds for certain pet projects.

## TAXATION

IN testimony before the House Ways and Means Committee on the

extension of the excess profits tax, Secretary of the Treasury Humphrey unexpectedly asked for immediate action on a package proposal which would include not only the excess profits tax extension but indefinite extension of the current rates on corporate income and excise taxes.

Questioning by committee members brought out some hints of things to come. First, Mr. Humphrey stressed that he wanted the corporate income and excise taxes extended without a time limit. Second, while he gave a firm commitment that further extension of the excess profits tax would not be requested, repeated questions by the committee failed to elicit any firm statement regarding the individual income tax increases.

The impression given was that regardless of what tax legislation is passed at this session of Congress, a completely new tax program would be presented in January.

## TRANSPORTATION

THE regulated transport industry, long known for its difficulty to attract equity capital, is expected to continue improving its financial position during 1953, with the outlook even brighter than in 1952, when transport topped all industry groups in relative gain in net income after taxes.

Especially pleasing is the outlook for the nation's intercity freight carriers. Trucks, pipelines and inland water carriers all expect sizable gains in traffic and hope for gains in net income.

Continued high rail volume and economies resulting from heavy plant and equipment investments made since 1946 should mean a banner year for the railroads in net income.

With the exception of an anticipated peak year in traffic volume and gross revenues for the nation's airlines, the outlook in the for-hire passenger field does not look bright.

Regulated surface carriers are not expected to fare so well in the face of their ever-growing competitor—the private auto.



# WILD

## man of

By CALVIN J. CLEMENTS

IN THE jungle villages along the East African coast where Capt. Ezra Wyatt bartered for wild animals, there were many who called him mad. Others claimed he was simply clinging to a passing era, the clipper ships, where each vessel was a small private world and the caliber of its master was measured by the respect and fear his name evoked.

Although all agreed Wyatt personified this all-powerful sailing master, no one dreamed of the extent he was to go to maintain his prestige.

He was an impressive figure this morning as his ship, the *Nagi*, was being warped against a dilapidated jungle wharf on the outskirts of Mombasa. He was standing on the deck, framed against a dismal gray sky; a huge, stern man with a great cape trailing from broad sloping shoulders and billowing in the wind. Beneath a visored cap his bony features, leathery and weather-seamed, stared unblinking ahead. Only his eyes moved, roving coldly over the naked blacks on the wharf who were tending the animal cages.

When the *Nagi's* gangway was run out Wyatt

*"For a moment the leopard*





# mombasa

strode slowly down onto the wharf. Without so much as a nod of recognition to the head Masai bowing low in deference he strolled from cage to cage, the tenders removing the heavy tarps and stepping back. He examined, in turn, a black leopard who scowled up at him with fierce yellow eyes, two hyenas, three cub lions, a jackal, a cage of bright plumed parrots, and lastly a cage containing a large chimp absently examining his belly.

Briefly Wyatt studied the chimp, then wheeled and motioned to his mate to commence loading.

That's when I moved after Wyatt, following him down to the gangway where he stopped once again to examine the leopard slinking about his cage.

I removed my cap.

"Sir," I said, "I was told you were short-handed, and I'm in need of a berth." As a matter of fact I was told no such thing but assumed it from the stories I'd heard of Wyatt. He was well known as a strict disciplinarian who had trouble keeping a full crew.

Without moving his head Wyatt's eyes flicked

to me. They were gray, almost colorless, and so intensely cold and unfeeling I promptly lost some of my cockiness and began fumbling with my cap.

"How old be you, boy?"

"Eighteen, sir."

His eyelids narrowed ever so slightly. "Lie to me again and I'll heave you right off this wharf. How old be you?"

"Fifteen, sir."

"What might you be doing here in Mombasa?"

"I was cabin boy of the steamer *Java Queen*, sir. When she foundered off the point I took my passage in money and thought I'd look for work here. It's a seaman's berth I'm looking for, sir."

He abruptly turned his head to watch the lion cubs being swung high in the slings and up onto the well deck. So long did he keep silent that I thought it was a dismissal and was about to move off.

"I've a cook's boy opening. That's all."

"I counted on the fo'c'sle, sir."

"At 15 you've little (Continued on page 48)

*froze as it found itself looking into Wyatt's face only inches away"*







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business there. Cook's boy for a year, if you've a mind to it. Then we'll see to the other. Get aboard if you're satisfied."

I quickly scrambled up the gangway, hiding my disappointment. Mombasa, in this first year of the twentieth century, was not yet a port frequented by trade ships.

At the head of the gangway a scrawny old man in a dirty apron grabbed my arm.

"Eighteen, sir, 15, sir," he mimicked, leering at me with yellowed stumps of teeth. "You must have half a brain to think you could lie to Captain Wyatt. Follow your nose aft to the galley, lad, and if I catch you sitting down between dawn and nightfall I'll lay a strap across your rump that'll keep you on your feet for sure—" He broke off, his rheumy eyes darting to the wharf below.

All activity had suddenly ceased. Eyes were riveted on the leopard cage where the cat, greatly agitated, was snarling up at Wyatt. Then I saw the right arm of Wyatt, the sleeve torn where apparently the animal had clawed him.

Wyatt slowly removed his coat, his weathered face showing no trace of pain nor anger. With the coat off, the damage the leopard had done was visible, the flesh of the arm badly ripped from bicep to wrist. Wyatt glanced briefly at the injury, then fastened his eyes on the leopard.

Both the blacks on the wharf, and the crew of the *Nagi* now crowding along the railing, watched breathlessly, as if anticipating Wyatt's next move.

But I was totally unprepared for what followed.

In one swift motion Wyatt was at the cage, slipping his left arm through and across the throat of

the animal, wrenching back hard so the leopard's neck was imprisoned between the crook of his arm and the right angle corner of the cage. For a moment the leopard froze as it found itself looking into Wyatt's grim face only inches away. Then it discovered it was unable to breathe. Furiously it began to claw the flooring in an effort to twist about, its amber-flecked eyes rolling wildly with anger.

The cook turned to me, breathing hard with excitement. "Mark well what you're witnessing, lad. It's a show for the blacks, aye; he needs their esteem in trading. But Captain Wyatt bows to neither man nor beast. Only one man, Jonathan, has bettered—Look at 'im squirm. Just look!"

The scene below had the theatrical air of unreality. It seemed like a grotesque stage performance, with the black men and cages for props, the jungle foliage a backdrop to gain the proper effect. A hedge of muscle now bulged across Wyatt's broad shoulders as he held fast his grip. But for that, and the glisten of sweat on his heavy brow, he gave no indication of the tremendous strain he must have been under in maintaining the strangle hold on the struggling beast.

It was soon over. Spasmodically the leopard attempted to twist free, its yellow eyes glazing as its efforts weakened. Finally it ceased struggling.

Wyatt stepped back, permitting the animal to collapse to the flooring, unconscious.

The cook's elbow dug into my ribs. "There's slum pans to scour aft!" A cuff sent me stumbling in that direction.

During the following days, as the *Nagi* tacked northward toward Zanzibar where her animals would

be sold, the remarkable ego of Ezra Wyatt fascinated me. I had come to consider his retaliation against the leopard rather childish, but the more I saw of him the more it seemed in keeping with his character. Never by word or glance would he acknowledge another's presence nearby. His cold remote eyes always seemed to be looking above or through you, and all his orders were transmitted through his mates.

However, he was not the figure-head skipper who lacked efficiency. Once, each day at dusk, he would walk about the vessel, seemingly viewing nothing but the rolling stretches of sea. But many a hand who thought his careless work had been missed became a target the next day for the mate's fist.

"The bugger can smell a bad splice in the tops'ill!" was the way one luckless rigger put it.

Even Sunday services were delivered by Wyatt in a cold and monotonous tone, not the slightest inflection in his voice as he read passages from the Bible. Nor would he so much as glance down on the well deck where we stood with uncovered heads. Finishing the reading he would simply close the Book and walk off to his cabin.

Once, approximately six weeks after I had been aboard, I caught Wyatt in an offguard moment. We were tied up once again on the outskirts of Mombasa where we were to undergo some two weeks of overhauling. It was before dawn, and because of the stifling heat below I had brought a blanket topside.

While I was arranging it on the hatch I caught sight of Wyatt near the wheel, his right hand clenched and half raised, as if threateningly, in the direction of the dark hills rising in the distance above the jungle. Whether it was my imagination or a trick of the graying sky in the east, his eyes were glowing with a fierce yellow light, almost as if a fire were burning brightly deep in his brain.

The cook nodded when I spoke to him that morning of what I had seen. "Aye, there's fire in his brain, all right; named Jonathan. And it'll torment him to the grave."

"Is that the man you said bettered Wyatt?"

He scratched his grubby chin, giving me a cautious look. "Wouldn't want it reaching Wyatt I might be gossiping. Can I trust your tongue, lad?"

I said he could.

He resumed dicing carrots into the slum he was preparing. "Jonathan was Wyatt's half brother, a



mate aboard here who bought himself a nice farm in the Kenya hill country a while back. Strong and handsome he was, maybe 20 years younger than Wyatt and a lot better looking. Always smiling. The kind of a man a woman would admire, like Wyatt's young wife. Aye, the skipper was married, and she traveled with us."

The cook paused as several of the hands came into the galley for their morning turn-to coffee. "Here's some lads that'll tell what a pretty trick she was, with a flouncy way of walking when she figured we were looking. Almost drove Wyatt crazy the way she kept putting him off with excuses of being sickly or some such, and all the time it was Jonathan with his handsome smiling face. It was right here, in Mombasa, they left the ship; two years it be now. The both of them gone without a word, and Wyatt standing on his deck in the rain and not being able to believe it."

Someone remarked the captain had looked like a gaping fish just pulled from the sea. It drew a guarded chuckle from the others.

The cook nodded and gazed absently at the knife in his hands. "Aye, I remember the night well, him standing there in the rain and looking around at us watching. 'You knew,' he says, and his eyes are bright, like burning with the fire this lad saw in them. 'Laugh,' he screams at us. 'Go ahead and laugh,' and he stands there opening and closing his big hands and thinking about all the times she kept him out of her cabin."

Not quite old enough thoroughly to appreciate Wyatt's frustrations, I asked if he had ever tried to find the lovers, or attempt any retribution.

"Aye, he went up to the farm later with some of the blacks, found the girl dead of fever, Jonathan gone. And someday Jonathan's going to show up among those Masai and not give a thought that he'll be worth more than a dozen elephants to them. Alive, though. You can be sure Wyatt'd want him alive and back here aboard where he's the law."

Some of the hands disagreed with the cook, claiming it was only a rumor Wyatt had placed a price on Jonathan's head. They pointed out two years had now passed and Jonathan would not remain away that long from his rich farm lands.

"Maybe so, maybe so—" The cook got to his feet, his wrinkled face turning pale.

Wyatt's big frame filled the doorway, blocking the light.

How long he had been standing near the door no one knew, but his face was dark with rage as if he had overheard. He glared at each of us. Then he turned away without a word.

Two weeks later, in the early Sunday morning hours, what was entered in the ship's accounts as an animal of gorilla species was taken aboard the *Nagi* and secured to the railing aft.

The date is firmly fixed in my mind, as it was with every other member of the crew, for all of us were to count the days from the time Wyatt had first hoisted

aboard this tarp-covered cage we were ordered to stay clear of.

It was our last night at Mombasa, and as my duties were only in the galley, I slept through the final loading of animals and the getting under way. At dawn I carried coffee out on deck and was instantly aware of an unexplained tension.

After giving each man his coffee, I turned and went to the deck to give the mate his. Sorensen was on watch, a gaunt balding Finn who was usually soft-spoken.

"What's that?" I asked, pointing to a large cage lashed to the aft railing. It was perhaps four feet wide, a good five in height. A tarp was lashed tightly around its footing, not loosely as cages usually are to permit free air circulation.

"Get below, boy." Sorensen's voice was low, his eyes moving to the companionway where Wyatt was quartered.

"But why is it covered? The others are—"

Sorensen snarled me into silence. "Get below when you're told or I'll have the bosun give you a backside lashing!"

Back in the galley it dawned on me what the cage could contain, but the thought was so fantastic I dismissed it. The mood of the crew I attributed to the cheap liquor they'd been drinking.

Wyatt conducted Sunday prayers as usual. I don't think anyone really listened to his reading the Bible. Eyes were fixed on the cage behind him, as mine were, now that I understood what was in everyone's mind. Then, suddenly, they were listening, as Wyatt raised his eyes from the Book and intoned: "And if a man is a beast so he shall also live!"

Before anyone had time to think of these closing words, he fixed us with a stern look. "No one will approach this cage aft. No one will touch it. I'll personally tend to the watering and feeding. No one," he repeated, his tone suddenly harsh "will touch it!"

From that day on, until the *Nagi* made her stop at Zanzibar, opinion was divided on board. Many scoffed at the idea anything more than a large gorilla of great value was held aft. Others, including the cook, were convinced the Masai natives had brought Jonathan back. Why, they asked, did not Wyatt leave it up to them to feed and clean the cages as always?

When the animals were fed, every man was sure to be on deck to watch Wyatt unleash the side slit in the tarp and push vegetable feed and a pannikin of water beneath the footing. Then he would stand



## THE BIRD THAT SELLS

PROBABLY the world's only sales-minded parakeet is "Pankee," a little green and yellow talking bird belonging to A. B. (Tony) Canning, president of Panther Oil and Grease Manufacturing Company of Fort Worth, Texas. Pankee, who has quite a sales vocabulary, earns his birdseed handing out advice for the firm's salesmen. Expressions he repeats clearly and crisply include "Tony wants orders," "Panther is nice," and the company's trademarked expression, "Sell Through the Eyes." He also stresses advantage of cash sales with "You want to discount this, don't you?"

As "insurance" in case he should get lost, Pankee has been taught to say, "Panther Oil and Grease." Pankee was obtained originally to serve as a prize in a children's coloring contest. He picked up sales expressions so quickly that he won a spot on the office sales promotion staff.

Nowadays Pankee works in the firm's reception room. Housed in a bright French antique cage, he greets visiting salesmen and hands out sales philosophy to all comers.

—Joe James



# QUIZ OF FAMOUS PERSONALITIES

*All of these people are prominent in some form of American life. Can you identify them? Answers can be found on page 57*

## 1. Former Educator



James Conant  
Harold Stassen  
Robert Hutchins

☐  
☐  
☐

## 2. Elder Statesman



Herbert Hoover  
Bernard Baruch  
John Foster Dulles

☐  
☐  
☐

## 3. Star Pitcher



Bob Feller  
Dizzy Dean  
Bobby Shantz

☐  
☐  
☐

## 4. Great Catcher



Bill Dickey  
Yogi Berra  
Clint Courtney

☐  
☐  
☐

## 5. Opera Singer



Patrice Munsel  
Helen Traubel  
Gladys Swarthout

☐  
☐  
☐

## 6. Musical Comedy



Victor Moore  
Ezio Pinza  
Alfred Drake

☐  
☐  
☐

## 7. Business Leader



Charles E. Wilson  
Eugene Grace  
Dechard Hulcy

☐  
☐  
☐

## 8. Aviation Executive



"Eddie" Rickenbacker  
C. R. Smith  
Glenn L. Martin

☐  
☐  
☐

there, looking into the cage with his lined face impassive as usual.

A week of this and even the scoffers, those who claimed it could not be anything but a gorilla, were glad to see the whale-backed blur of Zanzibar appear on the horizon.

A Dutch buyer bought the lot.

He was a pink-jowled effeminate man who fluttered his fingers at the cage on the poop deck after he and Wyatt had agreed on terms for all the animals on the well deck.

"That one," he said. "What is that one I have not seen?"

All hands paused in what they were doing to listen. If Wyatt noticed the tightening atmosphere about him he gave no indication. Briefly, he said, "It has been sold."

The Dutchman accepted the explanation with a shrug; he as well as other buyers often placed orders for specific animals. The next morning, however, a few hours before the *Nagi* was to sail, he returned, red-faced and greatly excited. From Wyatt's cabin he could be heard declaring word had reached him the *Nagi* had obtained a gorilla in Mombasa, a species so humanlike it could be billed as a wild man in the circus markets. Obviously such a thing was not ordered in advance, and he, having purchased the *Nagi's* lot, wanted the right to bid on it.

Wyatt stubbornly refused. The Dutchman left the ship only after Sorensen was ordered to remove him.

When the *Nagi* sailed southward that day, on her usual buying cruise, the men did their customary work, but spoke in whispers on deck. It was as if each feared his voice would somehow disturb Wyatt's so-called wild man.

That no sound was ever heard from the cage only added to the torment of the crew. Surely he would cry out, they reasoned, if it were actually Jonathan.

Unless the Masai natives silenced him permanently in preparation for this, someone offered.

Thoughts such as this gave me sufficient nerve to declare to Sorensen one afternoon that someone aboard should have the courage to see if Wyatt were actually perpetrating such a horrible crime.

The mate looked at me pityingly. "You look like a sensible lad. Start talking like one. Haven't you given it thought the cage may well be empty, or that Wyatt has nothing more than a monk up there, a gorilla of the kind we've carried on the well deck? Notice it's lashed where it will bear the brunt of the weather? Now if some night it be carried over the side, who will



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say it was not Jonathan that was caged there and Captain Wyatt has not had his revenge?"

It was difficult to believe it was all a face-saving hoax on Wyatt's part, and I said so.

"Boy, the skipper's a seaman above all else. He knows as well as I do this cage needs firmer anchorage in a good blow."

But stiff trade winds from the southwest were all the *Nagi* encountered as she plied the coast and traded in native villages for her animals. She bought and sold, with Wyatt firmly refusing buyers a view of the deck cage. Soon these buyers came to dismiss it as simply the quirk of an eccentric shipmaster, one who created a mystery to focus on himself.

It was more than five months later when Sorensen's prediction that the cage would be torn loose from its anchorage came to pass.

A high wind accompanied by a heavy rain had flung itself in from the southeast one night, catching the *Nagi* tacking her way along the Madagascar coast. Under shortened sail the clipper immedi-

ately began beating to windward, lifting her jib into high rolling breakers that attempted to broach her.

Wyatt was at the wheel, his face a faint blur of apprehension. He was not worried without reason, as was proved within the next five minutes.

It started with a shift of the screaming wind. Immediately the vessel heeled over, careening into a twisting trough that slowly, inexorably, forced her away from the wind. On the well deck Sorensen shouted a warning for all hands to clamber into the rigging. In the same moment, spotting me crouching beside the galley, he flung himself across the deck, sweeping a long arm about my waist and grabbing with the other for one of the lifelines rigged along the deck.

I had only a moment to fix the scene in my mind, Wyatt fighting the wheel, the black mountainous wave rising behind our stern. The wave, flecked with foam, broke across the deck with a roar and obliterated everything from sight.

The mate gripped me tightly as

the foaming waters cascaded down onto the well deck, but his grip on the lifeline was not strong enough. The thrashing sea wrenched him loose, and both of us were tumbled across the deck. By sheer luck we were swirled into the gutter along the bulwark. Sorensen's brute strength held us there as the waters swept back into the sea.

Half strangling from water swallowed, I came up on my knees. The rain was a torrent now.

"Look, boy," Sorensen panted. "Look."

Shielding my eyes against the rain I managed to make out wreckage further forward, the cage lying splintered against the mainmast where it had been carried. Its ripped tarp whipped in the wind, part of it still held fast.

Then I saw what Sorensen was looking at, a lumbering shadow with long swinging arms, matted hair about its head, staggering from the broken cage. It moved across the deck, in the direction of the starboard railing. There Wyatt, apparently flung into the protective barrier of the bulwark when washed across the deck, was getting to his feet, oilskins dripping.

Through the slashing rain I saw the phantomlike form close on Wyatt, wrapping its arms about him in a bear hug. They struggled at the rail, Wyatt beating at the shadow with his fists.

They went over the side that way, Wyatt struggling to break free.

As if the elements had conspired to accomplish some purpose, the wind suddenly abated, the rain slackened. Sorensen got to his feet, wiping his gaunt face.

"There's nothing can be done," he muttered. "It'll take him right down."

As the seamen dropped from the rigging they were talking excitedly about the gorilla that had attacked and carried Wyatt over the side. At least from aloft it had the appearance of a gorilla. They asked Sorensen his opinion.

"Aye," he said wearily, looking at me with a side glance. "A gorilla, it was." He went forward to the unattended wheel.

But I wondered if Sorensen was thinking, as I was, that a man caged long enough may well look and act like an animal.

I also remembered Wyatt's final words as he delivered his sermon the day the cage was brought aboard. "And if a man is a beast, so he shall also live."

I know now he was not quoting from the Bible.

Had it been a promise fulfilled?  
END



## CATS WATCH THE BIRDIE

STRIDING through a swirling blizzard on his way home from New York University one evening, Walter Chandoha heard a faint cry. Huddled on a doorstep was a gaunt, gray tabby kitten. He picked up the dispirited animal, held it inside his overcoat, and took it home.

Warmed and fed, it began to play on the floor. Mr. Chandoha reached for his camera—and thereby became perhaps the only full-time photographer of cats.

That was several years ago. Now he has five cats, a mass of photographic equipment, and close to 4,000 selected negatives of cats.—OMER HENRY



# Ever try to find a CONVERSATION?

It's hard enough to remember what you said—what the other fellow said—in a talk just *yesterday!* In a week, memories get lost—figures confused—names and addresses foggy—instructions forgotten!



**WESTERN UNION**





**TAX LOSS: \$12,000 A DAY.** This illegal still was seized in April, 1953 in an apartment building in Ossining, N. J. Enforcement agents estimated that it was "easily capable of costing the government \$12,000 a day in alcohol taxes." Above: Police Chief Robert Berry checks 8-gal. cans found near the big mashcooker in the cellar.



**TAX LOSS: \$28,350 A DAY.** This oil-fired boiler supplied heat to the cooking unit of a 1,500 gallon-a-day still, seized in April, 1953 at Vineland, N. J. Police estimated it cost the government \$28,350 in lost taxes every day it operated at capacity.



**TAX LOSS: \$47,250 A DAY.** When Federal and City authorities raided this illegal still in Brooklyn, N. Y., in March, 1953, they captured equipment valued at an estimated \$100,000, 10,000 lbs. of sugar and 700 five-gallon cans ready for filling. They calculated that the equipment could make 4,500 gallons of "bootleg" every day, representing a daily tax loss of \$47,250 to the Federal government alone. While such outlaw stills represent major investments, nine out of ten seized are flimsy and vermin-ridden.

## A \$6 Tax will reduce Bootlegging ...and give you legal beverages at fair prices

The pictures above show one of the main reasons why the legal distilling industry is asking that the Federal excise tax on distilled spirits be adjusted from today's \$10.50 per gallon to the 1942 rate of \$6.

Bootlegging today is big business... an organized outlaw empire built on the difference between \$6 and \$10.50. It is a vicious business. It breeds graft, corruption, defiance of law and order. Sickness, blindness, sometimes death itself, come from the bootleg bottle.

Bootlegging feeds on high liquor taxes. In 1944, when the rate jumped

from \$6 to \$9 a gallon, it was the signal for big-city criminals to move in. And since November 1951, with the added advantage of a \$10.50 Federal tax, this particular kind of crime has been more profitable than ever.

These last two increases were supposedly "temporary." They have long outlived their usefulness, defeated their revenue purpose and—what's worse—brought a decaying racket back to life.

Today the bootlegger really fears only one weapon... the return of a fair tax that would bring prices of the legal

product down to average income levels.

A \$6 tax will take most of the "gravy" out of illegal distilling... will make mass-production installations like those pictured above too expensive a risk.

A \$6 tax will recover some of the tax millions now being stolen from Federal, state and local governments.

A \$6 tax will give you good legal beverages at fair prices.

These benefits are not wishful thinking. They are based on the record.



### IT'S THE TAX THAT HURTS!

In spite of general increases in costs since 1942, the average distillery price of legal whiskey itself has not risen appreciably. Today over half of every dollar you spend for whiskey goes for Federal, state and local taxes!



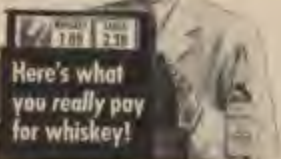
PUBLISHED IN THE  
PUBLIC INTEREST BY

**LICENSED BEVERAGE INDUSTRIES, INC., 155 E. 44TH ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.**

IN BEHALF OF THE PRODUCERS AND MERCHANTS OF ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES



# letters TO THE EDITOR



## TAX FACTS

When you pay around \$4.27\* for a "fifth" of your favorite whiskey, you actually pay about \$1.89 for the whiskey itself, about \$2.38 more in Federal, state and local taxes.

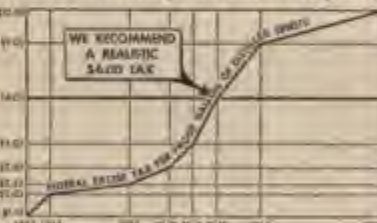
That's like paying a "sales tax" of 125% on the merchandise! Taxes take over half of your liquor dollar!

Here's what happened during the first full year (Nov. 1, 1951—Nov. 1, 1952) of the present \$10.50 per gallon Federal Excise Tax . . .

- ... You had to pay \$237 million more in liquor taxes than you would have paid at the previous \$9 rate.
- ... Your Federal Government gained only \$30 million in liquor excise revenue . . . an increase of less than 2% . . . because you bought less legal liquor.
- ... Your Federal Government lost about \$40 million in corporate income taxes as profits declined with drastically falling legal liquor sales.
- ... Your Federal Government lost additional millions in personal income taxes as distillers, wholesalers, retailers and samplers cut their payrolls and dividends.
- ... Your State Governments lost approximately \$13 million in liquor tax revenue . . . money badly needed for welfare and other vital programs.

Under the \$10.50 tax, bootleggers had more reason than ever before to defy the law. In 1951 alone, Federal authorities with lamentably inadequate staffs were able to seize 10,250 illegal stills. No one knows how many thousands more escaped seizure.

### A Tax Increase of 834% Since Repeal!



Since the \$9.00 tax went into effect in 1934, whiskey has carried the heaviest Federal tax burden of any commodity or service. On top of today's prohibitive \$10.50 rate you must pay an average of \$2.80 a gallon more in other Federal, state and local taxes!

### Distilled Spirits vs. All Other Excise-Taxed Products—1939-1951

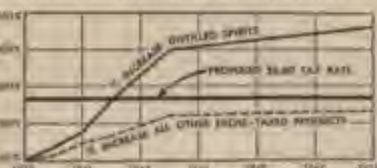


Chart above shows what's happened to distilled spirits vs. all other excise-taxed products and services since 1939. The \$6.00 rate proposed by the legal distilling industry represents a 167% increase over the 1939 level, as compared to an average increase of 120% on all other excise-taxed products and services.

\*The average national retail price. LICENSED BEVERAGE INDUSTRIES, INC.

## Credit where it is due

"Thou, too, Brutus!"

About the last place in which we would expect to encounter such a cartoon as the one in your May issue captioned, "How nasty does your credit department get?" is NATION'S BUSINESS.

Yours is a most influential and authoritative business publication. You mirror, usually accurately, the myriad facets of our American business economy. Hence this anguished protest.

The credit department is the most potentially powerful sales building department in the store. The manager of credit sales, through his energetic sales promotion activities, is capable of creating substantial increases in volume.

We are beating out whatever brains we have in erasing that ancient and mildewed concept of the cold, negative, glass-eyed credit manager, and to present him in his true role as a credit counselor, a friendly cooperative executive, using the mighty power of credit to bring more of the good things of life to more people sooner.

LEONARD BERRY  
National Retail Credit Association  
St. Louis, Mo.

## Light on the subject of light

It was very disappointing to find kerosene lanterns unmentioned in Mr. Marvin's article "Light for Sale." The kerosene lantern and lamp were important as lighting during the transition from candles to gas. In fact, they are still the most reliable portable lighting available.

In your same issue, their importance was noted in Mr. Fornas' article on West African marketing, where he stated there was always a demand for kerosene lanterns.

W. R. BURROWS  
Assistant to President  
R. E. Dietz Company  
Syracuse 1, N. Y.

## Question on foreign policy

I have just finished a very careful reading of your article "Russia Calls It Dumping."

I am wondering why we continue to do almost exactly what the Russians want us to do instead of doing exactly the opposite.

HARRY F. KLINEFELTER  
Baltimore, Md.

## Thank you, John Bull

Mr. Craig Thompson presents a very readable story of the Louisiana Purchase. The purchase price although infinitesimal today was then a really

astronomical sum. In fact the Government did not have that much money. The only way to get it was for Uncle Sam to ask Cousin Johnny Bull for the required amount. England was willing to lend us the money to make the purchase although she knew that this then vast sum would be used against her in war which Bonaparte was then waging.

JAMES CURLEY  
Angora, N. Y.

## Something can be done

Some years ago I complained very bitterly of an article in NATION'S BUSINESS on the subject of slum clearance or rebuilding our cities. . . .

I now write to express my great appreciation for "Slum Towns are Going" in NATION'S BUSINESS for May. This article takes the positive approach to the question and indicates that something can be done. Personally, I am convinced that something can be done by private enterprise. However, I see no objection to Government enacting and enforcing adequate use of building and sanitary laws and even in assisting to clear slums which the Government has permitted to be developed.

HORACE RUSSELL, General Counsel  
United States Savings and Loan League  
Chicago, Ill.

## From our allies

Permit me to thank you for your splendid publication of the article "Cream of the ROK Crop."

It was my own great pleasure to deliver the commencement address at the graduation services for some 50 Korean officers who had been training at the Engineer School, Ft. Belvoir, Va. In addition, I have had a chance to talk with Korean officers throughout the country. I can tell you from my first-hand experience that these men are deeply grateful for the opportunity of advanced training in this country, and to a man, they are determined to make the most of the opportunity.

PRO WOOK HAN, Counselor  
Korean Embassy  
Washington, D. C.

## ANSWERS TO QUIZ ON PAGE 52:

1. Harold Stassen. 2. John Foster Dulles. 3. Bob Feller. 4. Yogi Berra. 5. Helen Traubel. 6. Ezio Pinza. 7. Charles E. Wilson. 8. "Eddie" Rickenbacker.



## The Real Radicals: U. S. Businessmen

(Continued from page 29)

steps we have taken to gain this result have repealed the second major "law" of Marx that capitalism, as it evolved, would oscillate between extremes of boom and bust until it reached a final bust so disastrous that it would fall to pieces like the one horse shay.

But we have learned that even when our economic engine breaks down, it is neither wise nor necessary to throw it away. It can be repaired and fitted out with new parts and made to run more smoothly than ever. Historically that is the course we have always pursued in tackling defects in our economy. Our repair work has been sometimes moderate, and sometimes drastic, and sometimes faulty, and then we have had to remedy new flaws arising from the attempt to cure old ones. The crucial point is that we have regularly insisted on the overhaul of our economic mechanism, in contrast to trying to substitute for it something altogether new and different.

We have currently arrived at a new built-in stability for our economy. We may never be able to eliminate some serious fluctuations, though some think this also feasible. We have already restrained the wilder swings of the economic pendulum. We have become depression-cushioned, even if not recession-proof.

In our efforts to tame the adversities of the so-called "business cycle," we have safeguarded banks against failure. We have checked trends toward cutthroat competition and complete monopoly. We have eased the shock of layoff and job loss by means of unemployment insurance.

We have adopted a whole catalog of social security measures and others similar in spirit.

Our fathers called it "capitalism" and let it go at that. But latterly we have been searching for a new name. We have wanted to differentiate our variety of capitalism from the European variety which too often is feudalistic in temper if not in techniques. We have also wanted an appellation that would embody the prodigious changes and realignments of the past 50 years. Hence, we often put

a prefix to capitalism and call it "social," or "democratic" or "people's" capitalism. The term "free enterprise" is widely favored; and "managementism," "productivism," "mutualism," and "cooperative competition" all have their advocates. But none of these quite suffices.

Our economy is so powerful and billowing that it keeps bursting through the confines of neat category. Then, too, we are not hampered by the strait jacket of strict "ideology." We tinker, we improvise, we find answers when the questions come up, we experiment, we take risks; we do what will work in the face of real situations in the

best, remain private decisions. It is the diffusion of decision-making power among our 4,000,000 business enterprises, big, medium and small, and on our 5,000,000 farms, and elsewhere, that is the source of our economic vitality. We have discovered that, to the extent we can decentralize that decision-making power by having more people participate, we unleash the creative capacity of the individual.

It is spontaneous voluntary co-operation, whether on the floor of the factory or department store or in the office which, as in a Community Chest drive, is the open secret of our success. It is this quality which induced a Nazi intelligence officer, who toured this country in 1938, to warn Hitler against ever getting involved in war with us. To clinch his argument, the officer pointed out that our "curious genius" for free collective action was an invincible force that the Third Reich should not dare to challenge.

Ours, then, is a teamwork economy, as well as one of inspired patchwork. It is also interdependent; for none can long continue to flourish unless all do.

The automobile, for example, was in its beginnings limited to a luxury market. But assembly-line methods, made possible by risk capital invested in new plant, equipment, research, has transformed a "class" commodity into a "mass" commodity. Its market now primarily depends upon the wages of the miner, the profits of the drug-store proprietor, the fees of the dentist, the salary of the bookkeeper and the earnings of millions of others.

If those earnings should drop sharply over any long period, the resulting havoc would not be confined to the automobile industry but would ramify out to steel and glass and countless other places, affecting the puddler and blower and banker, the shipping clerk and cattle raiser, the architect and everybody else. A mass production economy, by its nature, cannot be sustained without mass purchasing power any more than it can be kept expanding without constant infusions of new investment. For the real meaning of today's mass production as an economic process is that (both inside and outside the plant) it acts to integrate all efforts and forces into an indivisible whole, into a community of skills,



real world. Out of this feel for the pragmatic, we have developed what is actually a "mixed" or "combination" economy.

Private enterprise accounts for some 80 per cent of our goods and services, and public enterprise, or government in its federal, state or local forms, for some 20 per cent. There is frequent overlapping between the two sectors—public funds go to pay for new buildings and roads but private contractors do the work.

However, the decisions of what to make and buy and sell, where to invest, and how much to save, and what job to take, and how to do it



interests and activities all interlocked.

We have been gradually realizing that, under this kind of an economy, the private good and the public good have become Siamese twins. We may have quite a long distance to go before we become, ethically, Christians; but whether we like it or not, we are finding out that we have become, economically, Christians in that our science, and technology, and our whole complex of work and wealth, made us our brothers' keepers for reasons of enlightened self-interest, if for no others.

Certainly this state of affairs is something that Thomas Jefferson, despite his distrust of industrialism, would have to approve. When 177 years ago he sat before his desk in a Philadelphia tavern and kept dipping his quill into the inkwell while he put down the words of the Declaration of Independence, his aim was to draft a document of colonial liberation.

At the same time he set forth the principles of our guiding philosophy. It is part economic since the right to "life" is one we have interpreted to mean the right to eat and earn a decent living and something more; it is part political, for the right to "liberty" is the right to speak, vote, and worship freely; and be equal before the law; it is part spiritual because the right to the "pursuit of happiness" is the right of the individual to reach out and develop his talents and faculties, as he prefers.

These three rights are inseparably intertwined. They act reciprocally on each other. They form a philosophy not of hard and fast rules, of rigid theory, of elaborate logic-chopping, but one of aspiration, implying that the past is always prologue. These rights permeate our institutions. They are the measures of our conduct as persons and as a people. To the extent that we have sought to fulfill them, we have grown to greatness; and to the extent that we have sought to deny them, or get them cheap, we have invited calamity. They have been all we have needed amid our adjustments to all the massive changes from a simple agricultural and handicraft economy to a complex, highly industrialized world power, the mightiest the earth has known.

They are, these rights, perhaps all we shall ever want as the basis for an economic philosophy which must always be part political and part spiritual.

We seem to know that the rest is up to us. **END**







Active in 20 cities, the modern crime commissions are the counterparts of the old-time frontier marshals



Records and photos of known gangsters are studied by James D. Walsh, center, director of New York's Anti-Crime Committee, and two of his aides

## VIGILANTES IN HOMBURGS

THE "vigilantes" are riding once again in America. And for precisely the same reason they took to the saddle and unlimbered the shootin' irons a century ago—to rescue honest citizens from the clutches of the outlaws.

Today's vigilantes are sort of old-time frontier marshals in Homburgs. They are experienced lawmen and most of them have at one time or another exchanged hot lead with underworld gunmen. But they are trained for the job of keeping the twentieth century hoodlum in his place. They are armed with such things as law degrees, a talent for public relations, a deep sophistication about the machinations of politics and politicians and an intimate knowledge of the workings of such diverse groups as our hoodlum empire, police departments, and local, state and federal prosecuting agencies. Basically, these vigilantes help the policeman and the prosecutor to perform their sworn duties. Such cops and D.A.s who scorn help are prodded.

These vigilante groups today are called crime commissions. There are 20 now active in America. Cities throughout the land are busily working to organize commissions. Two are temporary groups set up and financed by the state legislatures of California and New York. The remaining 18 are permanent outgrowths of the rebellion of busi-

nessmen who have banded together to sink their time and money into a fight against corruption and hoodlumism.

These businessmen have become disgusted by the money they and their customers lose through inept law enforcement. They are frightened by the latest dodge of the fabulously wealthy hoodlums who are buying or muscling their way into legitimate business.

Because these things exist and because they grow more common by the day, businessmen have brought in professional crime fighters, usually hired from the FBI, to head organizations designed to force action from the men elected and appointed to keep the underworld where it belongs. The ex-FBI men and their expert investigators gather irrefutable evidence of gangsterism and inept law enforcement and lay it before the law enforcers. If no action results, this same evidence is laid before the voters.

Information is a crime commission's most potent weapon. Such commissions must accuse and you can't accuse unless you are right—unless you have the information. Therefore the heart of every good crime commission is its filing cabinet. The Chicago Crime Commission, the oldest, biggest, and possi-

bly the best, has 1,500,000 cards and dossiers covering crime and criminals in that city since 1919. The words, deeds, and records of every man who entered a Cook County criminal court in the past 34 years are there. Whether he entered in the role of accused or prosecutor, policeman or judge, his acts are recorded. The deeds and idiosyncrasies of major criminals all over the land are also in these cabinets.

This information is made available to people who have the same end in view—the incarceration, harassment, or embarrassment of men who prosper from crime. Conversely, it works for the protection of men victimized by crime. As an example, the New York City Anti-Crime Committee recently distributed some information that set off a chain reaction which may accomplish a modern-day miracle, the cleanup of the vicious New York waterfront mess. This committee was organized and is supported by New York businessmen and differs in this important respect from the New York State Crime Commission, a temporary state government organization.

The Preparedness Investigating Subcommittee of the Senate Committee on Armed Services was the unlikely recipient of the anti-crime commission's information. The senators were investigating the Moroccan Air Base mess, a

By BILL SLOCUM



matter a long way from dockside, New York. But the investigation touched on the Claremont Terminal in New York Harbor, the point of shipment for most of the material destined for Morocco.

The terminal wasn't very efficient and the anti-crime commission was in a position to tell why. The subcommittee's report thanked the anti-crime group for "providing witnesses and documentary evidence tending to establish a sordid pattern of racketeering, coercion, payroll padding, and other types of crime and vice at the terminal . . . and the security of the port was adversely affected and the costs incurred by the Government were increased thereby."

This was crime commission work at its best. The New York group got things going. Now at least four investigations are underway by city, state, and federal committees and grand juries; the AFL has bluntly ordered the International Longshoreman's Union to set its house in order; one major dock-front hoodlum is in jail on tax evasion charges in New York and under indictment in New Jersey; and another is under indictment in both states.

In other words, a stew that has been simmering for 30 years is now boiling madly and the day is expected to come when a New York dockworker will get the money he sweats for and New York shipping folks will get the labor they pay for. This is to say nothing of the lower prices, reduced insurance rates and other savings in both money and self respect that must accrue from the cleanup.

Dan Sullivan's use of information to harass lacks some of the legalistic beauty of the New York dock episode, but it's effective. Mr. Sullivan, an ex-FBI agent, is operating director of the Crime Commission of Greater Miami. He makes life difficult for hoodlums and careless law enforcers by occasionally taking to the radio with such blunt statements as: "Joe Zilch, a hoodlum from Detroit with a record of 14 arrests and six convictions, just moved into the Such-and-such Hotel on Collins Avenue, Room 543."

Or Dan will announce: "Joe Blow, from Chicago, has just taken over the cigar store concession at the Chichi Hotel on the Beach. Joe is using it to make book."

Virgil Peterson, operating director of the Chicago Crime Commission, uses newspapers skillfully and with their enthusiastic cooperation. Early this year a cop killer applied for parole under a new



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- A railroad system that moves more than ten tons of freight one mile every day for you — and for every man, woman and child in the country.
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A vision of the future? Crystal-ball gazing? No, sir. For that describes your American railroads — the railroads that serve you and your family every day.

And all the gold in Fort Knox and more wouldn't build such a system. Because there are "only" 12½-billion dollars in those guarded vaults in Kentucky — and it would cost 60-billion dollars to replace America's railroad plant.

But don't worry. The railroads have no "designs" on that Fort Knox gold. The railroads have paid, and will continue to pay, their own way, every mile of the way!

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ANDREW LICHTENMAN—ALBION STATE

*Virgil Peterson with his directory of racketeers*

Illinois law. He got it when the state's attorney's office announced it could not contest the request because the ten witnesses who had put the hoodlum in jail had disappeared.

The next day, in less than 24 hours, Mr. Peterson had Chicago reporters in his office. He told them that two of the witnesses were indeed unavailable, being dead. Then slowly he read out the names and current Chicago whereabouts of seven of the eight "unfindable" witnesses.

As for the eighth, Mr. Peterson stated, "I can see where this one witness would be difficult for the state's attorney's office to locate. He is employed by the state's attorney. They could have found him with an interoffice memo."

Crime commissions have no official standing nor the right to pass on the parole of a man. But they have a right—in fact, a duty—to expose a parole being granted under what could be accepted as weird circumstances. The parole in this case was revoked. Mr. Peterson, rather small and soft spoken, looks ten years younger than his 48 actual years. He is considered by others in his field as the greatest

authority on the operation of crime in America. His work has revealed that he not only knows what is happening in the underworld, he knows what has happened and, most important, what will happen.

When the Kefauver Committee was operating last year it would arrive in every town loaded for bear. Its greatest single source of information was Virgil Peterson. He sat before the committee for two days in Washington and gave 88 pages of testimony. He told the committee exactly what conditions were in the underworld throughout the United States.

He blueprinted the rackets, then presented a directory of the racketeers. It was a "Who's Who of Hoodlumism."

Many things contributed to this knowledge. Mr. Peterson has been living for 11 years with the Chicago Crime Commission's mammoth filing system and for a decade before had been a crack G-Man. As a federal agent, he'd worked on the John Dillinger and Roger Tuohy cases and most of the major kidnapers of the late 1930's. Then he became an executive G-Man. He was working as agent-in-charge at Boston when Chicago business-

men lured him away in 1942. He is, of course, a lawyer.

Mr. Peterson's fight against crime has taken him all over the country. The governor of Nevada, worried over the racketeer money coming into his state, brought him out to tell the Nevada Tax Commission the facts of underworld life. The Colorado Municipal League asked Mr. Peterson's help during an election fight over the legalization of slot machines. The Los Angeles police and the California attorney general find Mr. Peterson's knowledge an endless source of aid in the drive against law violations. He also testified in the New York State crime hearings. Mr. Peterson's board of directors in Chicago look on his traveling and extracurricular work as an important part of the job of fighting crime in their own city.

His special pleasure comes from helping organize other crime commissions. After Senator Kefauver publicly proclaimed his gratitude to Mr. Peterson and the Chicago Crime Commission, the crime buster was flooded with requests from businessmen who wanted to set up their own local commissions. This led to the preparation of a mimeographed pamphlet. Last November, the National Association of Citizens' Crime Commissions was formed in New York with 20 members and, naturally enough, Mr. Peterson was named president. He's enthusiastic about this organization because its prime purpose is the quick exchange of that all-important crime fighting commodity—information.

**AS TO** the cost of these commissions, Mr. Peterson says that a budget of at least \$25,000 is necessary. His own budget is \$164,000 and is the largest in the country—as is his permanent staff of 25 clerks and investigators. This money is raised by Mr. Peterson and the 112 active members of the commission who annually solicit a large but carefully screened group of Chicago businessmen. Mr. Peterson, invariably exact in everything he says, finds describing fund-raising a problem. "It isn't hard to raise the money," he explains, "but it isn't easy."

As this is written the newest crime commission is in Wichita, Kans. But by the time this article is printed that city undoubtedly will be replaced as the "baby" of the national association. In New Orleans, for example, 285 civic leaders have been working on plans for a crime commission.

While Wichita, a boom town, is



currently free of any unusual crime problem, 70 leading businessmen decided to raise \$100,000 to establish a commission and insure operation for three years. G. Lawrence Keller, former administrative assistant in the criminal division of the FBI, took over the Wichita post Jan. 1. Mr. Keller's new bosses told him, "We have seen the inroads organized crime has made into government and industry in other cities and are determined that it won't happen in Wichita."

**T**HE infiltration of organized crime into government is old stuff, but the infiltration into legitimate business is new and a national menace. The New York City Anti-Crime Committee, only a year older than Wichita's, bluntly states its basic reason for existence is to fight this new move on the part of the underworld. The New York committee, besides fighting the battle of the docks, has its investigators gathering ammunition to force action on three other fronts—the garment industry, the building industry, and the perishable food industry.

New York housewives pay considerably more for perishables than Philadelphia or New Haven women because hoodlums are manipulating the books of fruit and vegetables middlemen in a gimmick known as "forced factoring." Certain clothing and construction costs are higher because hoodlums have gained control of a few unions in these fields.

The operating director of the New York committee is James Walsh, a former New York policeman who earned a law degree while working a beat and went on to become an O.S.S. man during World War II. Later he was an assistant United States district attorney and a Kefauver Committee stalwart. Mr. Walsh says about hoodlums and legitimate business:

"The hoodlum in honest business is the true fish out of water. He swears he wants to make an honest investment and he usually believes that he does. He talks of his family's future and his own hopes for respectability. But one thing all hoodlums have in common is the lust for an easy buck. He'd rather steal \$20 than earn \$100. So, after a period of good behavior, he sees a chance to cut a corner. He cuts it. He doesn't do it for the extra money, but for personal satisfaction. It's his nature. That's why he became a gangster in the first place."

Gangsters get into legitimate

## Automatic Folding for even the Smallest Office



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business by investing through seemingly legitimate businessmen or lawyers. They are increasingly using control of labor unions to force entry. Labor is growing restive and would like to do something about this hoodlum control. The AFL has set up a three-man investigating committee.

Management has its problem, but it is somewhat in the position of a pretty young lady being annoyed as she walks home. All she really has to do is call a cop. Labor, to rid itself of this unwelcome annoyance, must get a divorce. The New York City Anti-Crime Committee stands ready to help both sides.

The crime committee, or commission, idea was born in 1917 when the Chicago Association of Commerce formed a committee of ten to investigate crime in that city. On June 13, 1918, the committee handed in its report and suggested remedies. Among the remedies suggested was the formation of a permanent commission, under professional direction. The wording of that suggestion remains a model definition of the duties of a crime commission:

"... steps be taken for the organization of a commission, the members thereof to be representative of the important business interests of Chicago and its best citizenship... to secure the preparation of necessary legislation... to conduct such investigations as may seem necessary... and to remain thereafter as a body charged with the duty of securing the proper administration of such laws, as

may be enacted, by the officials charged with such administration."

Henry Barrett Chamberlin, a newspaperman, was hired as the operating director and remained until his death in 1942. He brought to the job the good reporter's knowledge of police and criminals plus the background and contacts to do a thorough public relations job. Mr. Chamberlin had many successes, but his greatest occurred in 1930 when he started Public Enemy No. 1, Al Capone, on the road to Alcatraz. He did it by the simple, but inspired trick, of hanging that damning description on Capone. It was the Chicago Crime Commission that issued that immortal list of 28 "Public Enemies" and Capone's name led all the rest.

THE newspapers and the magazines took Mr. Chamberlin's inspired phrase and drove home the fact that Capone wasn't just Chicago's problem, he was everybody's enemy; the public's enemy. If Chicago couldn't handle him somebody must. In this case it was Uncle Sam. This was perfect crime commission technique: arouse the people and action must follow.

There are other ways of doing the job well. Chicago Crime Commission investigators discovered that the Capone mob was making millions of dollars out of forged cigarette tax stamps in 1950. A quiet visit was made to Adlai Stevenson in Springfield and the governor cleaned up that quickly.

Mr. Peterson says a good crime

commission can never support any candidate for office, but it has a duty to attack unworthy politicians. He practiced what he preached with nice impartiality in one election by so embarrassing a state's attorney that Mr. Stevenson refused to accept the gubernatorial nomination if the man was on the ticket. An unopposed candidate for the opposite party's nomination in the Seventh Congressional District withdrew when Mr. Peterson publicly pointed out that the man was a jailbird. His record happened to be in the filing cabinets in the Chicago Crime Commission's offices.

The Petersons, Walshes, Sullivans, and Kellers must spearhead these twentieth century vigilante movements against venal politicians and the organized underworld. But the force behind the spear must come from business and industry. A great Chicago business, finishing out a full century of service in the Windy City, made its position quite clear when Harold A. Smith, a partner, was nominated president of the Chicago Crime Commission this year. Mr. Smith warned his firm that the job would take up two thirds of his time for a year. His partners told him:

"Take it. Such work is part of the normal overhead of business."

There is something shameful about business and industry having to assume such overhead in this day. But the record is clear—either we crush America's organized underworld or it will crush us. Those boys are not playing for peanuts. **END**

## Divided Authority Blocks Better Roads

(Continued from page 33)

read. They all said the same thing—a bitter attack on the highway department of their own state. The more vicious the telegram, the louder the group cheered. I could hardly believe my ears."

The study turned up a mass of evidence of inefficiency, waste and mismanagement. Then came the inspiring part of the story.

"They've got a group of strong, intelligent, legislative leaders in Washington State, and they weren't afraid to take the ball and run with it," Mr. McCormack says. "They ripped that outmoded highway structure down, and put it back together again, the right way."

Under the present system the counties of Washington State have complete local autonomy, but work in full cooperation with the state

highway department. One of the features of the county department is an equipment rental and revolving fund to purchase and maintain equipment. Armed with a ten-year program of road construction, based in turn on a fair appraisal of every inch of road in his jurisdiction, each county engineer can allocate far in advance each piece of equipment for each job.

As Pat Thomson, county engineer of Douglas County, proudly wrote in *Better Roads* recently: "To date we have a \$52,000 cash balance, a \$26,000 crushed-rock inventory and a parts inventory, we have replaced two trucks, four cars, one station wagon, one roller and one pickup, and have purchased all operating supplies, culvert pipe, and bridge and road-oiling materials over the three-year period."

Mr. Thomson didn't even bother to mention his relations with the state agency. That hatchet was buried long ago, in the smoother, better roadbeds all Washington enjoys.

Although the merging of small units for big jobs is a definite step toward better roads, there does exist a difference of opinion as to just how far this consolidation should go. Few highway experts recommend following states like Virginia in taking over all roads and highways. As one authority explains: "You put an engineer in charge of making things run, and then you hamstring him with policy and local politics. It just won't work."

Keith Seegmiller points out, also, that even if out-and-out consolidation had proved itself, the primary objective of democratic gov-



ernment is not to save money, but to give everybody a voice in solving the problems of the community.

"Anyway, we need the experience of the people on the county level," Mr. Seegmiller says. "I don't care how many degrees in engineering you have, you don't know the problems of Sassafras County as well as the man who lives in Sassafras County."

Though state control is not advocated by highway administra-

#### HUE TO THE LINES

I'm constantly faced with the burden  
(No wonder I can't get ahead)

Of keeping myself in the pink

And my finances out of the red.

—Irene Warsaw

tors, pooling resources is another matter entirely. Hal H. Hale, executive secretary for the AASHO, called attention to the utter collapse of highway travel in the Rocky Mountain and Great Plains states during the blizzards of 1949-50 as an example of what happens when there's no central control of equipment.

"On the other hand," Mr. Hale said, "look what happened in California when that streamliner was snowed in up in the Sierra Nevadas. Thanks to California's intelligent, planned method of getting the most out of its equipment, the state highway department got in where the railroad's snow plows couldn't—and rescued 200 people."

Exactly how much to consolidate can be easily worked out in each state. In Ohio it has been recommended that townships utilize the greater purchasing power of the county unit for road construction and maintenance, whereas in Texas, where one huge county numbers only 254 people, perhaps whole counties should get together. Some states consolidate whether they know it or not. In Mississippi, where counties are broken down into districts called "beats," these same counties often group together to share the services of one highway engineer.

The hard-rock core of the solution to muddled highway administration is reclassification of all roads—just what does each road do?

With the depression in the '30's, many local governments sloughed off particularly bad sections of purely local road onto the states. In Ohio, Maine, Maryland and Mississippi, for instance, state



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*Map at left shows  
eleven-state western  
area served by  
Union Pacific.*

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highway departments now maintain as much as 50 per cent of all the roads in the state. It's not at all unusual for the state highway department to move its equipment five miles over a county road to fix one half-mile stretch of state road. A survey should be made of these and all other roads to classify them as through-travel or local-service roads. Only when that's done can management responsibility for these roads be intelligently assigned.

This management, unfortunately, operates under systems which range from cumbersome to cockeyed. In Ohio the salary of the director of highways, who heads up a \$75,000,000 operation, is held to \$8,666 a year, but his assistant may get \$10,800, and his four bureau chiefs \$9,000. What other business promotes a man and cuts his pay at the same time?

**SOMETIMES** a department is restrained from doing a good job by the very laws under which it operates. Some states prohibit the procuring of right of way except for immediate use. The engineer may know that he will sooner or later need more right of way, and that the longer he waits the more the cost will skyrocket—and still he will be helpless.

It is as unnecessary as it is foolish to operate under such handicaps, as the North Dakota legislature has just recently proved. It threw away its crazy quilt of confusing statutes and put in its place a crisp and concise

highway law now being put into effect which may give the people of the state the roads their alert leadership demands for them. This law was prepared by the Automotive Safety Foundation working with North Dakota legislators. A uniform highway law is only in the planning stage at present but in the meantime the North Dakota law provides a sound starting point for any state that would like its highway law to make sense.

On the other hand the Maryland legislature had before it a complete and clear plan of reorganization for a commission dating back to 1909, as archaic as any in the country, but calmly threw out the whole thing, raised the gas tax a penny, and called it a day.

In connection with the increase of state gasoline taxes, a recent development of tremendous potential importance is a movement demanding that the federal Government drop the two-cent gasoline tax and get out of the roadbuilding business completely. Three states have already passed legislation increasing their own gasoline tax by two cents a gallon, to go in effect as soon as the federal Government drops its own.

This movement, spearheaded by the Governors' Conference, is based on the contention that the states could handle this tax more efficiently, that the states have adequate facilities to solve their highway problems, without federal help, and that the Bureau of Public Roads is therefore no longer of useful purpose.

After an initial burst of enthusiasm for the proposal in the states, nearly all groups concerning themselves with highway transportation quickly made known their opposition to discontinuing federal aid. One responsible official of an important organization attacked the movement bitterly as "the gravest danger to transportation, communications, industry and the well-being of the American people in the history of this nation!" Another, of no lesser stature, said it would mean "chaos at the very time of our greatest deficiency."

**ALL** important highway groups—the AASHO, the Automotive Safety Foundation, the National Highway Users Conference, the American Automobile Association—oppose the abandonment of federal aid. So do such general groups as the Chamber of Commerce of the United States which is on record as desirous of seeing the federal Government take on greater interest and responsibility for the interstate system, less on secondary and local roads.

Perhaps the most telling testimony comes from the National Association of County Officials, however, which is itself, naturally, an advocate of local autonomy in government.

"We feel that the Bureau of Public Roads is vital to the nation on four counts," Keith Seegmiller said. "They are military, postal, interstate commerce and, fourth, through coordination and integration. We feel so strongly against its abolition that we oppose repeal of the federal gas tax, too."

To return to the over-all picture of the highway administration muddle, the question naturally arises in the minds of most citizens—"I know it's all wrong, but what can I do?"

Well, there's plenty you can do. In California local business groups waded right into the highway problems, and things got done. Does your town follow the model ordinance, your state the uniform traffic code? Has your state legislature made any effort to examine its highway setup from top to bottom, and if it has, what wastepaper basket did the findings wind up in?

Organizations like the Automotive Safety Foundation are set up and supported by automotive and allied industries for the very selfish reason of making it cheaper, safer, and more pleasant for you to drive your car on the highways of the nation. They'll be glad to help any state pull itself out of its highway muddle.

**END**





# 4 DAYS MAKE MORE SALES

A MAJOR merchandising innovation that may some day rank with John Wanamaker's one-price system of the nineteenth century or the supermarket of the current age has been watched closely by retail experts for the past year.

Ever since June, 1952, the Raisin Markets of Los Angeles have been conducting a revolutionary and profitable experiment at their Farm Town supermarket in Lynwood, Calif. They keep the store open only four days a week, Thursday through Sunday, from 10 a.m. to midnight.

Local merchants who have traditionally hewed to a six-day week as one of the foundation stones of American retailing shook their heads in disbelief when the announcement was made.

Eliminating Mondays and Tuesdays didn't take any great courage, Leo S. Shapiro, sales manager of the Raisin chain, says. "Those were our traditionally weak shopping days and they accounted for very little volume. And keeping open Sunday isn't as odd as it sounds for a food store. Since the end of World War II nearly all the supermarkets in southern California have been staying open Sunday. It has become one of the biggest volume days of the week.

The results have been staggering. For one thing the Farm Town store has had a 300 per cent increase in sales volume, despite the fact that the store is now open only four days a week as against a previous seven-day operation.

Employees like the idea. Most of them actually work a full five-day week because many are needed for the Wednesday restocking.

Other merchants in the neighborhood find they like the idea, too. The supermarket's four-day week has brought a tremendous increase in shoppers to the area.

While the four-day week is still in the vanguard of American retailing, other merchants are beginning to catch up. In Richmond, Va., for example, several independent food chains and some 75 independent food dealers have been operating on a five-day week.

In Indianapolis and Madison, Wis., leading stores have been open on a five-day week basis.

—MURRAY TEIGH BLOOM

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## But I Want to Live There

(Continued from page 35)

Italians and French and Chinese and Swedes and Germans and Poles and Argentineans. It has bums and millionaires and statesmen and starving artists, gamblers and chorus girls and hucksters and bishops and crooks and poets and chestnut vendors. It has beautiful people, and terrible people. It has people who dream, and people who work, and people who are brave and people who are defeated. They play their dramas on every street in the town, on every level of every building from the cellars of Greenwich Village to the penthouses of Gracie Square. They make the city vibrate.

Next I love the physical beauty of New York. I love the light sparkling on its rivers, the splendor of sunshine on its silver towers, and the lovely gray of its urban mists. I love Fifth Avenue, clean and wide, with its flags flying on a holiday. I love the high-up hidden gardens of Radio City, seen only by those who work in the top halves of a few special skyscrapers. I thrill to magnolia pink and forsythia yellow in Central Park in spring, and autumn leaves against old brownstones on East 55th Street in October. The sunset that comes to the city in winter is almost too beautiful to bear, and the silhouette of 59th Street as seen from a downtown-bound drive in the park is one of the wonders of the world at night.

Just those attractions would be almost enough for me, and should, I think, be enough for anyone less than an angel. But New York has more.

It has entrancing variety. It is a city of surprises and discoveries. It changes its dress and its mood with every tick of the clock. No matter how many years you spend walking its streets, memorizing its façades, learning its nuances, there always comes the day when you turn a corner and catch your breath—or laugh, or widen your eyes in delight—at some new wonder. A window full of diamonds. The face of a Chinese child sitting on the doorstep of a Second Avenue laundry. A giant figure in the sculpture garden of the Modern Museum. Colored lights arched over a street

crowded with people in an excited, inexplicable mood—half devout, half carnival—on the hot summer night of a saint's day in Little Italy.

There is no other place in the world where you have, at arm's reach, such a variety of pleasures or fulfillments. In the same day in New York it is possible to listen to Jascha Heifetz, Duke Ellington, Dave Brubeck, Guy Lombardo, or a bearded blind man named Moon-dog who plays street music on instruments of his own devising.

You can, depending on your whim, hear an opera by Verdi, a concerto by Grieg, a symphony by Shostakovich or a rhythm tune by Gershwin. You can dance to mambo, a waltz, a *paso doble*, a



"I'm not the dreamboat.  
I'm the dinghy"

samba, a fox trot, or a Virginia reel.

You can watch a Pulitzer prize-winning play, a classic ballet, a strip-teaser, a big name comic or a Russian movie. You can go to a prize fight, a baseball game, a circus, or a television show. You can play billiards, bowl, roller skate, have your fortune told, walk in the rain.

You can find a shooting gallery open at ten in the morning and a drugstore with wonderful strawberry ice cream sodas still functioning at four a.m.

Variety?

New York offers at mealtime

every possible dish from a ten-cent hot dog to an \$18 pheasant. It serves, with no trouble at all, flaming shashlik on a sword (the Carnival Room of the Sherry-Netherland), the greatest lobster Cantonese any mandarin could desire (Q Lung's) and *potage St. Germain* to make a Frenchman shout (Le Pavillon).

It offers, in its marts, the most beautiful objects from everywhere: lace from Venice, dresses from Rome, playing cards from Paris, clocks from Switzerland, old silver from the castles of England, old jewels by Faberge from St. Petersburg in the days of the czars.

What do you want to do in a city? Buy an autograph of Abraham Lincoln? Drink the best champagne? Read a book in Sanskrit? Pray in a Gothic cathedral? Buy an armful of yellow roses? Stand before an El Greco? Ride around the park like a princess in an open barouche?

New York is the place where you can do all these things. It spoils you, like a pampered darling, if you have the time, and the taste—and the money.

I love the excitement of New York. The great names of the world, alighting from great silver planes at Idlewild and leaving on the Queen Mary. The famed faces of the world appearing suddenly as you enter a room, or turn a corner—Bernard Baruch, Anthony Eden, Marlene Dietrich, John Steinbeck, Ernest Hemingway, Fulton Sheen, Greta Garbo.

I can't think of anywhere else in the world where my taxi would be halted by screaming sirens and red-lighted motorcycles because Andrei Vishinsky is on his way to dinner, but that happened in New York recently.

Everything happens in New York. You live day and night with an acute sense of things happening. Murder in a hallway, romance on a park bench, an orphan on a doorstep, international intrigue at a cocktail bar. You can know about it all or not, as you choose, with the wonderful freedom New York gives its citizens. You can read every wet black headline of every edition as the papers hit the stands, and spend the day hanging out of the window watching the dramas of the street; you can get dressed up in pearls and furs to go and listen to the world's most brutally sophisticated gossip at parties in plush,



Picasso-hung apartments. Or you can live in a stone and steel tower, or a garret, or a house overlooking the East River, and never listen to the pulsebeat of the city or let it look into your heart.

You can be whatever you want to be in New York. Choose your street, your garb, your mood. Save your money in a mattress, fall in love with a fire eater, write a great American novel, eat *chili con carne* at dawn, talk to yourself. Be elegant, be seedy, be wacky, be a scholar. There is room for everything, including eccentricities.

**P**ART of the magic of my city is the marvelous availability of many things. If you want an elephant in a hurry, New York is a good place to find one. If you wake up in the middle of the night with a craving for barbecued spareribs, you can get them fast. There is no hour in which—if you live in Manhattan—you can't go places, meet people, and do things.

A musician I know named Johnny Guarneri summed up one facet of New York's lure when he said: "I've never been to the Yankee Stadium. Maybe I'll never go there. But I like to know that in case I ever do want to go to a ball game, it's there."

That's the way I feel about Gotham's superduper, tireless drugstores. I may never need mascara in the middle of the night, but I feel better knowing that if I ever need it I can get it.

There will never be enough pages in any book for me to tell how much I love New York and why. It is truly a magic city to me.

I have had such fun here. I have hitched a ride with a milkman at five in the morning, waltzed with a prince in a crystal ballroom, and sung old songs hanging over a piano played by José Iturbi. I have wandered through the art galleries and made bids at treasure-filled auctions and celebrated Chinese New Year's Eve. I have been to parties where I could look around and see the people who are, in a sense, the distillation of the modern urban world—the greats of the ballet, literature, *avant garde* music, painting, advertising, and the theater. I have swapped dialogue with Joe DiMaggio, Herbert Bayard Swope, Danny Kaye, King Peter of Yugoslavia, Alicia Markova, Irving Berlin, Dizzy Gillespie and Helen Hayes.

I love the people of the town. The brave, humorous cops. The taxi drivers—elaborate anecdotalists, commentators and philosophers all. The jazz musicians with

their special lingo keyed to strange frenetic nighttime living. The grumpy quaint-looking hansom cabbies, in their silk hats and tattered suits. The chorines walking funny little dogs, the well-tailored businessmen watching excavations being dug, the furred, cared-for women climbing out of the perfumed warmth of limousines on cold December days. The narrow-shouldered, worried-looking men who write the ads for magazines, and the girls—the thin, black-haired models with the doe eyes and the hoop earrings and the slim black dresses—who pose for them.

I love the gawkers of New York, and the hawkers, and the shoe-shine boys who dance in the streets at night and the electric signs on Broadway and the sharpie songwriters of Tin Pan Alley.

This is my cast of characters. I never tire of their costumes or their movements or their dialogue.

Most of all I love the challenge of New York, the ping in the air that says, "Be somebody! Make them notice you! Get somewhere!"

This town has the poor, the pathetic, the average, the struggling, the defeated, and the incompetent—but it has the greats. More than any place in the world, it shelters the people who have made an impact on humanity in our time. Here, in residence or in transit, are the authentically important scientists, artists, writers, politicians, musicians, financiers, inventors, diplomats.

**AND**—perhaps more important—to this city have come people from all parts of America, and all parts of the world, who are going to be important some day. These are the unknowns who make an impact on the glamorous giant because they bring something to him: passion and talent. The city is theirs even while they move in obscurity, because they are the vital force that makes the island's heart beat.

New York has terrible traffic—not the worst in the world, but trying hard to be. It has poverty and tenements and some injustices and inequalities and a lot of humidity in the summertime. Its rents are high. Not all its bartenders are jolly.

But it's the place for me—to live in and cherish the rest of my days. Give it back to the Indians?

Not this girl.

I suppose we really didn't pay them what we should have, considering the subsequent value of the real estate. But if the Redskins want Manhattan back, they'll have to fight me for it.

END



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When you step into a restaurant, your  
personality changes. Here is

## How you look to a waiter

By MORTON M. HUNT

**I**N MIAMI BEACH, FLA., a waiter named George threw a tough steak in the chef's face, tore off his uniform, and walked out. In New York, a weary bus boy in a night club dropped a tray of dishes down a flight of stairs during the floor show, looked at the ruin, burst into hysterical laughter, and fled into the night. In Detroit, a party of eight people feasted and drank for an hour and a half, rolled up a bill of \$42.50 and left their waiter a 35-cent tip; the waiter thereupon collapsed with an attack of palpitations and nausea, and was revived only by a liberal application of whisky rushed from the bar.

These are typical recent hot spots in the oldest cold war in the country—the undeclared state of conflict between American waiters and their customers.

We diners are only vaguely aware of this struggle; the startling truth is that the moment we enter a restaurant we lose all decency, honor, intelligence and good taste. At least, so it seems to waiters.

"No man is a hero to his valet," is an old saying of European aristocracy. In modern America, substitute waiter for valet. Any man who is satisfied with his own accomplishments, personality and appearance, should sit down with a few waiters some night and find out what they think; he'll slink home carrying his ego behind him.

After a four-week table-to-table survey around the country, I have concluded that waiters are harsher judges of humanity than fire-and-brimstone evangelists. In their opinion, when you become a customer, your personality instantly changes; you become a dolt, a show-off, a rounder and a jerk.

If you're in a hurry, the waiter regards you as a problem case, a grumbler, and a small tipper; but if you take plenty of time, you're an oversitter who keeps him from re-using the table and picking up other tips—in fact, you're practically taking the clothing off his child's back. If you dally over the menu, you are an idler, a loafer, and have no will power; if you order after one hasty glance, you have no taste.

If you give too small a tip, he puts you down for a hick, a chiseler, or a tightwad; if you give too much, you're a sucker; if you give one that's just the right size, you're a bore. Depending on your clothes, your manners, and your table conversation, you may also qualify as a phony, a show-off, a tinhorn sport, a fuss-budget, a cheat, an ignoramus or a Casper Milquetoast.

"The customer," waiter Joe Prunick said to me the other day, "he's always right—so right there should be a law against it." (Prunick isn't his real name; he waits at a New York restaurant and would be in trouble if I used his real name.)

"This is how it is," Joe went on. "I come forward to meet a customer, my bunion is burning, I just been having a fight with my wife, who won't talk to me, and the car payment is due. But the customer, he wants his oysters so fresh they should kick and scream, his steak has gotta be exactly rarish-medium-well-done, and his coffee should be double strong and no more than two minutes old. On top of it all, I got to grin like a fool and look overjoyed to serve him, or he'll cut off the tip. Laugh, clown, laugh—I'm a regular Pagliacci."

Mr. Prunick's frank loathing for the genus *diner-out* is shared to some extent by the majority, though not all, of his fellow professionals. About 120,000 men in the United States earn their living by serving food and smiling on us.

I asked Joe and dozens of other waiters what kind of customers aggravated them most. Opinions differed but the decision seemed to go to the long sitter and the so-called "stiff."

"The guy who sits too long hits me where I live," Joe said. "I can get only so many tips out of each table each night. My wages are \$30 a week, my take on tips is anywhere from \$50 to \$75. I live from the tips, see? So one of these fancy Dons, he's making with the brilliant repartee and he don't even look at the menu for 20 minutes. It's costing me all the time he talks.

"And this same type likes to 'linger' over his coffee and cigarette. The money is slipping through my fingers every minute. This is no time for patience, but for action! So I sidle by the table and take off the sugar and salt. Next time by, I snitch the sauces, and dust off the crumbs. It's looking real bare. If he don't get the idea, finally I put the grab on his ash tray. And you know what?—five'll get you ten he don't even leave a decent tip!"

The stiff is one who tips too little or not at all, not because of dissatisfaction, but because he is either stingy by nature, or comes from some part of the country where tipping is not customary and simply doesn't know about it.

Since a waiter's income is derived largely from tips, he lives in dread of the stiff and daydreams constantly that each new customer may be like the fellow in San Francisco a few years ago who, in a mildly alcoholic surge of good feeling, gave a waiter named Henry Groessl a \$3,000 bond as a tip. (Later he soberly sued to get it back, but lost.)

Barring such a windfall, waiters





PHOTOGRAPH BY SARRA

## Competition's Wonderful!

**It's one reason we all have so many of the good things that make life worth living!**

Johnny couldn't tell you whether Mary's friendlier smile, or her name on the sign, made him choose her lemonade. But he's glad he did! Because let's face it—we all like to have somebody try extra hard to win our good will.

In fact, when so many brand manufacturers compete for your favor, as they do every day in this land of ours—it makes you

feel pretty wonderful, doesn't it?

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hope that at least you'll be a decent tipper; there's no slang word for it, because, as Frank Bottaccini, a union business agent, explained, "A waiter doesn't talk about his big tips, or someone might try to pull that party from him the next time."

Every waiter is certain that he can spot a stiff in a minute. There are differing theories as to how it's done. One relies on the clothing, the kind of haircut, the fit of the shirt collar, and the customer's degree of physical polish. Others claim this is a poor method. Some prosperous-looking men can be stiff as a board, some sloppy-looking men generous tippers.

"I personally judge from his manner toward me," says a waiter in Chicago's Pump Room. "Is he assured, calm, confident, or is he blustery and nervous at being in a place better than he is used to?"

**A** WAITER at Boston's Ritz-Carlton Hotel gave me his own ideas on spotting the stiff. "How does he treat the dame?" he said. "Real nice? Real chatty? Then she's not his wife, and the tip will be good. But if he's married and treats her like a real ball-and-chain, he's liable to be more or less stiff. Especially if she's the thrifty type herself."

"And when two married couples come in and the men let the women walk in front and do the talking to the headwaiter, then, mister, look out. You're going to make a lot of nothing."

All waiters seem agreed on one thing: Women are stingier than men. When three or four women come in together for a dinner, the waiter's heart sinks and he mutters to his fellow waiters out in the kitchen, "I'm hooked, I'm hooked." College boys, politicians and tourists are nearly all stiff, and perhaps the stiffest of all is the small-town mother in the city to visit her grown children.

"But the one I really hate," a sweet-faced, fatherly looking waiter at the Washington Mayflower told me, "is the wise-guy stiff who doesn't want his friends or guests to see how small a tip he's leaving. So if it ought to be something like three bucks, he takes a one dollar bill, crumples it into a ball, and squeezes it into my mitt with a big gesture like it was a five. Makes him look good, but I can tell without looking what I've got."

The truly important waiter techniques are concerned with protecting and increasing the tip, and with the handling of stiffes. For instance, when a waiter realizes he

has pulled a stiff who just doesn't know about tipping, he tries the educational demonstration. "You got to spot them plenty early," a sad-faced little man from the Stork Club told me. "Then, as soon as the customers at any nearby table are through and ready to leave, you pick up their tip, thank them several times in a clear, loud voice—throwing it toward the stiff's table, if you can—bow deeply a few times, and play around with the money a little. You have about a 50-50 chance the stiff will notice and get the idea."

Frank Bottaccini, the union official, told me that for the complete stiff, the union recommends the diplomatic approach. "We tell our boys to say something like 'Was there anything wrong, sir? Did I fail to please you?' This makes the stiff ask why the waiter is asking him. Then the waiter explains about tipping in big cities. It works sometimes, and what have you got to lose?"

Waiters themselves like to think they know what to do with ten-cent tips. "You throw it back onna table," one thug-like night-spot waiter told me. "You tell 'em, 'Keep it, Buster. You need it more than I do.' " But this, I venture to guess, is folklore or wishful thinking, for



every waiter says he knows someone who has done it, but no waiter I met has actually done it himself.

After hearing such complaints for weeks, I tried to find out if there were no really satisfactory customers. From scores of comments, I have concluded that the ideal diner is like an adolescent's dream of love—exquisite, but non-existent in the world of reality.

The perfect customer, for instance, would have to be well dressed, yet not ostentatious—never the leader of fashion, but always in fashion. He would help his wife or date to her chair with a casualness that indicates breeding. They would study the menu for about three minutes (five minutes for an extra long menu); but more important than the length of time would be the fact that when the waiter came up to take the order, they would know what they wanted. The perfect diner would, of course, run up a large check by ordering drinks and

the more expensive dishes; and he would know just what each specialty consisted of, without having to ask the waiter to interpret.

His manner would be cordial toward the waiter, but never chummy; chumminess permits of a small tip. He would not rush at the end of the meal—but he wouldn't linger, free, over his coffee. If he chose to linger, he would order a couple of expensive brandies. With just the most careless glance at his check, he'd know what tip to leave—15 per cent in a restaurant, at least 20 per cent in a night club—and would manage to leave it without fumbling.

With a smile, a nod, and a kindly word about the excellence of the meal, he would bid his waiter goodbye, thus momentarily assuaging the pain of his bunion. But like the adolescent dream, this ideal diner is easier to imagine than to discover.

"All I got to say," says Joe Prunick sourly, "is, if such people live, they have been avoiding me."

**A** MERICAN-born waiters, I also learned, can be instantly aroused to fury (though they conceal it) by a customer who summons them in European fashion by snapping his fingers or going "Ps-ss-st!" Such a man is either ignored outright or given what Joe's colleague, Frank Mitchell, calls, quite simply, "the long wait."

European-trained waiters have a different view: They spend three years as apprentices to their profession, putting in months learning how to cajole customers, other months in napkin-folding, a year in clearing off dirty dishes, and so on. You can find them in the handful of really high-priced, high-class restaurants around the country; they love their work, and they like being finger-snapped at, or ps-ss-st'd at by big-shot customers with style and authority.

"But last night," a waiter at the Stork Club told me, "I had a lovely type, a real sweet guy." He shook his head reflectively. "This," he said, "was the type who changes his mind ten minutes after he puts in his order. Nice. Puts me right in the middle. If I tell the chef to pull off this guy's steak and make him eggs Florentine instead, I'll have a screaming match in the kitchen; if I tell the customer it's too late to switch, I can kiss the tip good-bye. Customers are the most revolting people."

"Yeah," said a tall, ulcer-tormented fellow worker, "but how about the one who changes his mind after he's eaten half of that



steak? Says it's too tough, and take it back to the chef. There's a real doll for you. He probably swipes his daily newspaper from a blind newsy's stand." He laughed bitterly, and sipped his glass of milk.

Some customers commit nuisances that merely offend the waiter without damaging his income. Toward them the waiters



take a tolerant and condescending attitude. "What are you going to do when you draw a silver-polisher?" another waiter asked me. "It's a mental condition and I try to understand that they can't help themselves. It's what the psychiatrists call a compulsion. Same thing with the bill-figurer, the fellow who has to take five or ten minutes to check the prices of everything. It's probably not that he's cheap. He's just sick in the head."

The genuinely sick man, however—the high-blood-pressure man who wants saltless and sauceless food made up specially for him in the kitchen—is a major irritation.

"It raises hell out in back," a waiter's union official told me.

In one important respect, the waiter gets a chance to vent his feelings against customers. This chance comes when the unwise customer sticks out his neck and asks, "What's good tonight?" As the headwaiter of a world-famous restaurant told me, "When you ask a waiter for advice, you deserve what you get."

First of all, it gives the waiter an opportunity to run up the price of your meal, and thereby increase his own tip, by suggesting something expensive. Usually the smart waiter makes it his second suggestion, since most customers for some reason seem automatically to bypass the first suggestion.

For another thing, as a beefy, red-faced waiter from a New York hotel put it, "What the hell! Am I supposed to taste everything on the menu? Ridiculous. I ain't got the time or the stomach. So what do I do? Same thing you would do. I tell them anything, and make up a story to go with it."

The art of tip boosting is a matter of subtle psychology. The editor of a waiters' magazine, a one-time waiter himself, explained it

to me. "The waiter in a high-class American restaurant," he said, "tries delicately to establish his superiority over the customer in matters of food and drink."

He may, for instance, politely recommend something like *les fri-cadelles sauce piquante*, *les chœsels à la modère*, or *le poulet sauté Sambre-et-Meuse*; or if the customer orders muscatel during a lobster dinner, he deferentially suggests something like the sauterie of Chateau Ypsy-Pypsy, but only the 1947 bottling. The trapped customer has to ask for an explanation. The waiter smiles a faint, sad, resigned little smile and explains. Eventually the customer subconsciously realizes that compared to this waiter he is an ignoramus, a bumpkin and a lout.

"There is, finally," said the editor, "only one way for the customer to re-establish his self-respect and show himself to be a man of quality, and that is by leaving a handsome tip. The whole technique is touchy and apt to backfire—but to a waiter of imagination, it's exciting and challenging."

IN THE course of my survey, I realized gradually that it is no wonder that waiters look for ways to release their repressed emotions. "The waiter," said Fred Winter, an officer of New York's Local 219, "is low man on the totem pole. He even has to be nice to the dishwasher."

As a result of all the wrangles, the rush, the constant struggle to please, and the necessity for smiling when he wants to scream, the waiter is actually a two-to-five-year poorer life insurance risk than the average man in his same economic class. A study made some years ago also showed that a waiter gets several times as many ulcers as do men in a number of other lines of work.

No wonder, then, that they sigh for the wartime days when men were so scarce that a waiter could handle his customers in a manly fashion without fear of being fired. "More butter?" he could ask incredulously. "More butter? Really sir, there's a war on, you know."

Or if a lady asked for a "Scotch Manhattan," he could curl his lip disdainfully and ask, "Madame, do I understand you to want a Rob Roy?"

Yes, waiters recall nostalgically that in those golden days one swank Manhattan restaurant even went so far as to hang a sign inside the door, reading:

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## Taxes are Going to Town

(Continued from page 37)

sales taxes. About two dozen cities and some 300 other local units, compared with only two cities before the war, now levy payroll taxes, paid by employees or employers or both.

About half the cities of more than 10,000 population supplement the property tax with special taxes. In New York State, for example, cities now can and often do levy taxes on real estate, business receipts, retail sales, hotel room occupancies, restaurant meals, admissions, motorcars and trucks. Throughout the country, municipal license fees are being raised or slapped on new types of enterprise. Municipal utility rates are higher.

So even if the property tax rate on your house is unchanged or even cut, don't think this necessarily means a stable or lower cost of government in your community. City Hall may be hitting your billfold from a more subtle angle.

Is there an alternative to higher local taxes?

At first glance, increasing amounts of state and federal aid pouring into cities appear to be easing the pressure on local taxpayers. This is not true.

All states share tax revenue with cities. Many are assuming greater fiscal responsibility for such local programs as welfare, education, health and highways. In New York, the total of state aid to local government has risen to more than half the state's \$1,000,000,000 budget.

Current congressional appropriations for use in cities total about \$2,000,000,000. This federal aid to cities includes such items as urban highway assistance, public housing construction, aid to schools in defense areas, urban redevelopment, welfare grants, public health aid and civil defense stockpiles.

The great bulk of state and federal taxes is paid by city dwellers, however. High state and federal taxes, when used for aid to cities, are simply another form of higher local taxes.

Washington has told the cities they must shift increasingly for themselves. President Eisenhower called for greater local responsibility in his campaign speeches.

Asking for a study of overlapping federal, state and local spending and taxation, he observed recently that "within the past 20 years the federal Government has entered fields which under our Constitution are the primary responsibilities of state and local governments."

The President also warned Congress: "Getting control of the (federal) budget requires also that state and local governments and interested groups of citizens restrain themselves in their demands upon the Congress that the federal Treasury spend more and more money for all types of projects."

Local government spending can be sliced. Here are some of the ways:

The taxpayer, for one thing, can



"So George said I could fish there if I wanted to but he was going upstream where there was something to catch"

promote a pay-as-you-go policy of community improvement in his home town during the current period of high prices in order to produce long-range savings. A water plant or incinerator costing \$2,000,000 now may be worth only \$1,000,000 in the prices of 1963. Paying for capital improvements with current revenue or short-term financing thus not only saves high interest charges but prevents big debts and high taxes at a time of deflated prices in the future.

Cities also can cut the cost of urban improvements by bringing

private enterprise into partnership with local government. If business investment can pay the cost of parking garages, new housing projects or utility improvements, the bill for local taxpayers will be lower. The federal-local urban redevelopment program applies this theory by emphasizing private rehabilitation of slums. This method not only reduces the municipal burden but increases the property tax return from slum areas which were formerly dead weight on local taxpayers.

Pittsburgh is an example of this teamwork by business and government. A \$500,000,000 program for community improvement has produced a better Pittsburgh and doubtless saved local taxpayers money. The once-smoky city is now much less sooty. Dams check the annual rampages of the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers. A new park and business center is displacing a jungle of shabby warehouses and offices. The combination of business and government has built a better airport, pushed ahead on housing projects, planned off-street parking space for about 25,000 cars and is well along on a new highway system.

Local political reforms can also cut local taxes. One means of trimming political fat from local budgets is the city manager form of government, now used in a quarter of the 2,525 cities of more than 5,000 population. The system is spreading and soon will be the dominant type of local government in the United States. By insisting on city managers, better civil service regulations and the hiring of nonpolitical, trained city workers, citizens can help produce economical, scientific government.

Intelligent citizen action also can bring lower local taxes. Alert taxpayers who know their cities' financial needs and the best methods of paying municipal bills can help cut costs.

In Newburgh, N. Y., for example, a citizen group moved in and slashed the budget ten per cent. The Newburgh group learned the ropes of municipal finance and refused to be fooled on tax techniques and civic needs. An alert city manager was hired and freed of political pressure. The results were a lower budget and the elimination of a sales tax—with better municipal services in the bargain.

Perhaps the most significant



long-range move toward local government economy is an effort in city after city to reduce the number of competing government units, to prune the list of 500,000 local elective officers and bring unified, less costly management to conflicting municipal services.

Seen from the air, the modern American metropolis, sprawling over hundreds of square miles of land, is a unified whole of houses, streets and factories. On the ground, however, the political isolation of scattered units of government has raised costly local iron curtains.

Many cities have combined services with suburbs and counties, bringing reduced cost and greater efficiency. Central purchasing has been organized, parks put under a single jurisdiction, police and fire departments combined, planning and zoning methods revised, public works services combined.

Only a handful of cities have solved the complex problems of metropolitan government. But citizens and officials of many cities are talking about modernizing their urban areas into streamlined, co-operating and more economical governments.

Local taxes can also be cut through other projects, small in themselves but large in total savings. Scientific management companies can be called in to investigate municipal departments and suggest money-saving reforms. License fees and municipal charges can be revised to put city government on a more businesslike basis.

But these moves toward economy, valuable as they are, cannot wholly halt the rising tide of local expenses. Realistic planners are warning that the needs of cities are too great to avoid higher taxes.

The combined forces of vital improvements, higher urban standards of living, larger populations and higher prices have created problems for the cities that cannot be solved cheaply.

This is bad news for the hard-pressed taxpayer. But citizens who permit their cities to deteriorate, who postpone vital civic improvements and ignore urgent urban problems, may find industries moving out of town, population dwindling and retail business suffering. Delay of civic improvements may strain aging municipal facilities to the breaking point, resulting in even more cost in the future.

The bill for better cities is high. But the cost of trying to avoid payment, by pinching pennies on imperative urban needs, may be even higher.

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# California's little Detroit

*Sport cars as shiny as glass and  
as tough as steel are the great  
rage in the West. Here's how a new  
industry got its start*



**I**N A SEASIDE area of California, about 50 miles south of Los Angeles, a west coast version of Detroit has sprung into being. Like the eastern counterpart, this center has automobile production lines, research shops, proving grounds—but as one might expect in a manufacturing center so near Hollywood, the autos, builders and buyers are of a glamorous type.

The cars produced here are modeled on the slick, low-slung European sport types, with that ground-hugging, whippet look, and are made of glass! Glass fibers, that is, pressed into huge molds with resin for a binder, as shiny as a bottle and in many ways stronger than steel.

The Little Detroit test drivers are private citizens, for the most part, rather than professionals, and the testing grounds are "drag" strips and racing courses.

The research shops of the area often are kept going by commissions from wealthy yachtsmen, for the automotive center is close to Newport-Balboa, one of the most fashionable boating resorts in California. Like the Detroit of the 1920's, California's auto-manufacturing capital is master-minded by

sportsmen who are amphibious: They are simultaneously enthusiastic about boats and cars.

The center of the automotive excitement is an unincorporated area called Costa Mesa (literally, "Coast Table"). Typical of California's mushrooming settlements, Costa Mesa has grown from a population of 3,600 in the 1940 census to an estimated 16,500 today, and indications are it will nearly double again in population during the next three years.

Costa Mesa is a service center for nearby Newport-Balboa boating crowds, and for the rich citrus grove terrain stretching inland through a county appropriately named Orange. People working in the bright little town center with its new stores and rhinestone array of neon signs mostly take in each other's washing. Many of the other residents work in Newport's many yacht yards, or man the large fleet of mackerel boats sailing from the harbor.

But about 95 men work day and night shifts in one of the biggest factories of the area—the Glasspar Corporation. This plant, about the size of a suburban movie theater, is also the nation's largest producer of glass cars. Detroit may come into competition later, bringing out more expensive plants and

equipment to dwarf this country cousin, but right now the Glasspar company is No. 1 of its kind—making beautiful car bodies of fantastic strength, light weight and speed.

The company's principal body type is unimaginatively called the G-2, but it makes up in performance what it lacks in name. It is only three feet high to the top of the cowl, and the body weighs only 200 pounds. Because of its light weight and low center of gravity, when powered by any standard Detroit engine it goes like a bomb and takes the curves like a snake.

Glasspar isn't the only maker of glass cars in this Little Detroit area. Near the center of Costa Mesa, Eric Irwin produces a dashing custom car called the Lancer, which does suggest a lance, with its pointed hood, straight sides, and sleek finish. The Lancer, which can be fitted to Ford, Mercury, Studebaker or other standard chassis, is even lower than the G-2. The passengers sit down at the level of the frame members, inside the frame—and the top of the windshield is only four feet from the road. This provides a road-hugging ride. Like the G-2, the Lancer body weighs about 200 pounds and, with motor and chassis, less than 2,000 over-all—so there is a power to weight ratio which gives the passengers the sensation of riding a rocket.

Glasspar is by far the larger producer of Fiberglas cars in the Little Detroit area. Its production line has turned out more than 200 bodies of various types—mostly the G-2 and its predecessor, the Boxer. It is a publicly known secret in Costa Mesa that the firm is also building the much touted new glass car designed by famed Howard "Dutch" Darrin for Kaiser-Frazer.

This slick job, much like the G-2 and Lancer in appearance, is scheduled to be the first mass-produced glass car. Present plans call for 2,000 of these, and the public interest in the car indicates the supply probably will fall far short of the demand.

Production of car bodies at the Glasspar works is now about three and a half a day, but is expected to double in the near future. Besides the other glass cars, the firm is beginning to make the Woodhill Wildfire, a short and snappy, but smooth, version of the Willys chassis and hot little F-head engine. The Glasspar owners expect to make seven of these daily.

The biggest production of the

By **RICHARD TREGASKIS**



corporation at the moment, however, is not cars but boats—also made of glass fiber. About 15 are produced a day, in five sizes ranging from ten feet, eight inches to 20 feet, three inches. The boats, like the cars, have the advantages of light weight (therefore speed), strength and slick appearance.

The guiding lights of the Costa Mesa glass car industry started out—as did most of their customers—with an interest in boats. World War II left two legacies important to the development of both glass cars and boats in the Little Detroit area. One was a tremendous acceleration of laminated plastics, including glass fiber, principally for airplane use. Another was the complex of military airstrips in the wide-stretching Costa Mesa plateau.

The development led to resin-laminated boats, then cars. The airstrips, deserted by the military, provided racing grounds for cars, and made of the Costa Mesa area a double-barreled Mecca for motor sports, land and water borne.

The first contestants on the old airstrips were hot-rod kids, driving old model cars with the tops taken off and hood panels removed to exhibit jewel-like chrome-plated high-compression engines. Then came the sport cars, often driven by the same sportsmen who went boating from one of the many yacht clubs of Newport-Balboa harbor.

One of the early sport car enthusiasts at the Balboa Bay Club was Randal MacDougall, a prominent Hollywood screenwriter. Through his interest, Humphrey Bogart and Gary Cooper acquired



sport cars. Others followed the lead of the movie personalities—and a couple of sport car racing courses were set up; one on the Santa Ana border of Costa Mesa, the other in Costa Mesa proper, where macadam streets tied into a deserted landing strip.

Meanwhile, a young Newport boat builder named William R. Tritt essayed to make a 21-foot sailboat from glass fiber. He was assisted by another local resident, Otto Bayer, who had worked on Army and Navy contracts for a firm called Western Plastics during World War II. Mr. Bayer and

Mr. Tritt succeeded, and shortly set up the Green Dolphin Boat Works on Costa Mesa's industrial way. The name was changed to the Glasspar Corporation.

Then, in 1950, tall and Vikingesque Eric Irwin, who was building a 50-foot motorboat at a shop near the Glasspar company, got a brilliant idea: if Mr. Bayer and Mr. Tritt could build strong molded boats out of Fiberglas, he could make a molded car body out of the same material. An art student through his life, Mr. Irwin designed an auto body with the grace of Venus de Milo, and boldly tackled the job of making first a mold and then a six-ply laminated Fiberglas body. His research showed that there had been one such body made before—by a Los Angeles plastics engineer named Brant Goldsworthy.

Mr. Irwin sought out Mr. Goldsworthy's advice, and by dint of trial and error, managed to make the slick Lancer, with a Studebaker chassis and engine. And Mr. Tritt, starting with Fiberglas tops for the sport cars of the area, soon began to make a glass car, too—the Boxer. Both the Lancer and the Boxer were sensations at the Los Angeles Motorama in the fall of 1950, and both young designers had plenty of orders to fill.

Mr. Tritt went into larger production, bringing two more partners into the Glasspar Corporation, and moving to the large building the firm now occupies. Mr. Irwin continued with smaller scale operations, making custom cars, each different from the previous.

In the meantime, the automotive development of California's Little Detroit was proceeding in other lines. After actors Bogart and Cooper bought their cars, the area showed increasing numbers of similar jobs. Three sport car dealers opened shops and garages, and Randy MacDougall, the screenwriter, set up a fancy repair shop where sport cars could be tended with the solicitude usually accorded little children.

Now sport car owners from the whole southern California coast congregate in Costa Mesa for service and repairs.

And bringing prestige to the area have been two research shops. One is devoted to carburetor work, complete with a race track. The other, run by inventor John Dunne, is set up to research a rotary valve which may halve gas consumption and double performance on low octane fuel. Costa Mesa may yet become the grown-up Detroit of the West!

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*The chipmunk rates among the quickest to domesticate, about three days being the average*

# Tame them with a word

*Once an animal acquires confidence in you, there's little you can do to scare him*



*Much harder to tame is the Dipodomys, a shy desert rodent. He needs months of handling*



*This baby possum was found—of all places—on a downtown street in busy Norfolk, Va.*

*Morley Cooper, writer of this article, was able to tame 35 "Dips" during one desert trip*



**M**OST forms of wildlife would like to be friendly and will take unbelievable chances just to get chummy with a person. The chipmunk takes perhaps the least amount of time to tame—about three days. But once a wild thing acquires confidence in you, there is little you can do to scare him.

For example, in one season in the Colorado Desert I made friends with 35 *Dipodomys*—an animal I consider the most difficult to cultivate. This is a soft-furred little member of the rodent family about the size of a chipmunk, but normally nocturnal in habit.

What an animal wants from a person, of course, is food—in the case of the *Dipodomys*, nut kernels and sunflower seeds, with a few pieces of carrot, bits of apple, or even crusts of dried bread—almost anything different from its usual diet of roots and ironwood nuts. Used to spending most of its time underground, the Dip nevertheless becomes accustomed to your voice and will play like a dog or kitten.

The Dip is one of our champion jumpers. Equipped with powerful jumping legs and almost nonexistent forelegs, he can cruise along with three-foot jumps or move with blinding speed.

Unlike the chipmunk, he may take up to six months to win over. Birds, on the other hand, are not too difficult to tame. But for bird or beast, follow these rules:

1. Don't discharge firearms in the vicinity before winning their confidence.
2. Leave your pet dog or cat at home.
3. Talk to any wild creature.
4. Feed them, leave water available.
5. Be patient.

Keep this up for a few days with some animals or for several months with the shiest, and that particular subject is yours for life.

—MORLEY COOPER



## President's Voice: James C. Hagerty

(Continued from page 41)

pressed into a single page. In preparing it Mr. Hagerty is assisted by his associate, Murray Snyder. The items on the sheet are highly selective. Mr. Hagerty and Mr. Snyder do not clutter it up with local news. They put down a few lines about congressional developments and a few others on the United Nations. They avoid including much about foreign affairs or defense matters because they know that the President will be fully informed by the State Department, intelligence agencies and the Pentagon. The summary is always in the President's hands by 9:30.

Preparing it is perhaps the easiest part of the day's work. The most difficult is keeping the President informed on the detailed operations of the Government. This has grown so huge that no man can conceivably master all its ramifications. Mr. Hagerty must get on the telephone constantly to obtain from department heads any data that he needs. He must also have at his fingertips the answers to any questions the President may be asked at the press conferences. The second of these provided several instances.

Mr. Eisenhower had been talking about the proper division of functions between state and federal governments. He had, he announced, appointed a committee of three cabinet officials to study the subject.

At this point a correspondent wanted to know whether the officials' names could be made public, and the President whispered to Mr. Hagerty, on the platform behind him. Only one held cabinet rank, the press secretary said, and the President corrected himself.

Getting ready for the press conferences is a primary duty. Until near the close of the Truman Administration they were held in the President's own office. Some 500 writers and radio newscasters were eligible to attend and at least 150 always did. The reporters had to stand, jammed close together, scribbling their notes against their neighbors' shoulders. Those in the back of the room could barely hear what went on.

If the news was hot, a frenzied rush for the door and telephones ensued as soon as the senior correspondent called "Thank you, Mr. President."

On two occasions correspondents

were knocked down in the stampede; one of them broke his arm.

The meetings were finally transferred to the ornate old Indian Treaty Room—now room No. 474—in the old State Department building just west of the White House. It is a small auditorium with 250 seats in what might be called the orchestra and 50 more in the balcony.

The President sometimes stands on a platform. The reporters are seated and can take notes with some prospect of being able to read them. They stand when they have questions to ask.

They are carefully screened by the ever-present Secret Service men before being admitted.

An equally important responsibility of the press secretary is to help the President prepare speeches and messages to Congress. Mr. Hagerty is not a ghost writer. That invisible role is filled by several other aides. But he must see that needed material is supplied and must check the final draft against the possibility of mistakes or damaging statements.

He is the goat rather than a ghost. He will be blamed if anything goes wrong.

The new secretary had informed himself about the burdens of his post before Jan. 20. He knows that two of his predecessors—Charlie Ross and Joe Short—died of the loads heaped on them in the Truman years. Jim Hagerty does not propose to be a similar casualty. At first, the hours of the new job seemed appalling.

Throughout his boyhood he was



school  
for  
job  
seekers

**SINCE** it was started in 1939, the job-finding forum of the Advertising Club of New York has helped more than 25,000 men and women get jobs in various branches of merchandising—mainly advertising. The forum was started because the need for more and better advertising is growing faster than the number of people qualified to produce it.

John H. Ryder, New York advertising agent, is chairman of the forum. The idea was suggested by Herbert L. Stephen, field editor of *Printer's Ink*, and Charles C. Green, club manager.

Sessions are held each Monday and Wednesday evenings, excluding holidays. Usually from 50 to 75 persons attend. The group includes people of all ages. A few already make as much as \$10,000 a year, but all want better jobs.

The first step is a welcoming address in which Mr. Ryder stresses objective self-analysis.

"Decide what kind of a job you are best equipped to fill," he tells the applicants. Then each writes a "letter of application."

The letter finished, applicants enter the clinic. Each in turn faces the group and reads his letter. A discussion follows, in which his application is evaluated by the group. This leads to the severest criticism, and the job seeker usually is told to rewrite his letter. He tries it again at the next clinic, and will do this a third, fourth or even a fifth time—until the group thinks it will have a chance of getting a job.

The discussions are informal and it is not unusual for startling new ideas to come from them. For this reason the clinic constantly attracts visiting copy writers who are eager to get new angles on how advertising can do a better job. No one pays. Anyone can attend the clinics as often as he likes.—G. A. NICHOLS



accustomed to having his father return late from his office and get to bed at midnight, if then. Jim had worked only on a morning newspaper under a similar schedule. The hours were more or less the same as Governor Dewey's, who prefers to do his important work at night. Most mornings Mr. Hagerty did not have to reach his desk until 10:30.

But President Eisenhower, the old soldier, bolts out of bed at dawn. He has a light breakfast and reads the newspapers before 7:30 a.m. At just about that hour Mr. Hagerty must leave his newly purchased home in the Chevy Chase section of Washington and start for the White House. To his surprise, he is already getting used to these unaccustomed hours and claims that he likes getting to bed at 10:30. He even enjoys the regularity.

He is normally home in time for dinner with Margie Hagerty and their two sons. Jim has turned his back on Washington social life. Necessary exercise is obtained by swimming in the White House pool and through week-end golf.

**P**RESS secretaries are a new departure in the executive mansion, although some official close to the President probably always carried out their duties. The conferences with newspapermen are also an innovation and are conducted, it should be noted, with comparative

restraint and decorum. James E. Pollard, in his "The Presidents and the Press," an excellent history, paints a vivid picture of the general changes for the better. Presidents such as Washington and Jefferson paid warm and sincere tributes to the freedom of the press.

But this did not imply that large groups of correspondents were to be free to ask any questions they pleased.

Cross-examination of the President is now barred, although the rule is sometimes violated. He cannot be quoted, save with his specific permission. Epithets and scurrilous gossip are impossible to imagine, but they once were commonplace. A Philadelphia journal, for example, accused John Quincy Adams of attending church in his bare feet. During the 1828 campaign, when he lost to Andrew Jackson, the decorous Bostonian was declared, while minister to Russia, to have used "a beautiful girl to seduce the passions of the czar."

"Not at all," said Adams; she was a maid of impeccable character in his household.

William Henry Harrison was "a superannuated and pitiable dotard." Jackson's mother was called a mulatto by the press. Such statements would cost members of the corps their accredited standing in the White House Correspondents Association today.

Theodore Roosevelt was among

the first Presidents to see a large number of newspaper writers. But most of them were enthusiastic partisans used to test public opinion. T.R. often received them while he shaved and spouted his principles through a spattering of lather. President William Howard Taft was the first to call in a number of writers at one time. He received them in the cabinet room. As his Administration lost support, however, Mr. Taft grew bitter regarding the treatment which met him.

"Don't worry over what the newspapers say," he wrote to a friend as early as the middle of 1909. "I don't; why should anybody else?"

Mr. Taft did worry, of course. No President until Warren G. Harding, a publisher himself, fully understood the functions of the nation's newspapers or those of the men and women who wrote for them. Woodrow Wilson made a sincere attempt. He was shy and aloof but he initiated the first real press conferences as they are held today. He tried to answer all questions. Unfortunately, he could not swallow criticism and concluded that newspapers were untrustworthy.

"Damn it, man, can't you take me as I am?" he burst out to one correspondent. The President quickly apologized, but the damage was done. The terrible dangers of World War I concluded his sessions with the press.

The first real master of the twice-a-week conference was Franklin D. Roosevelt, who held forth at almost 1,000 of them. Mr. Truman was almost as skilled.

**S**TILL, all of these hard-working gentlemen had their troubles, and they were not unlike those of President Eisenhower whose burden Press Secretary Hagerty must share.

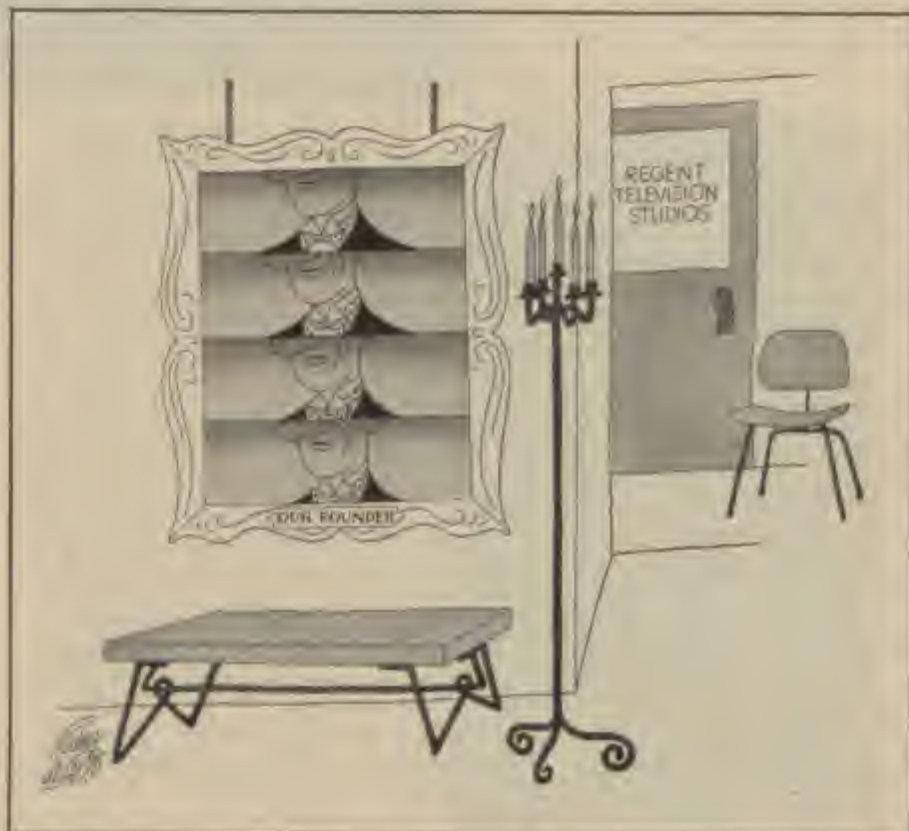
His hazards, realistically viewed, are truly ominous. Any President, however brilliant, can make an error which would wreck his Administration.

The presidential press secretary must prevent leaks, if it is possible. Jim probably knows that Mr. Eisenhower will not jump on him when they occur, as they always have and always will.

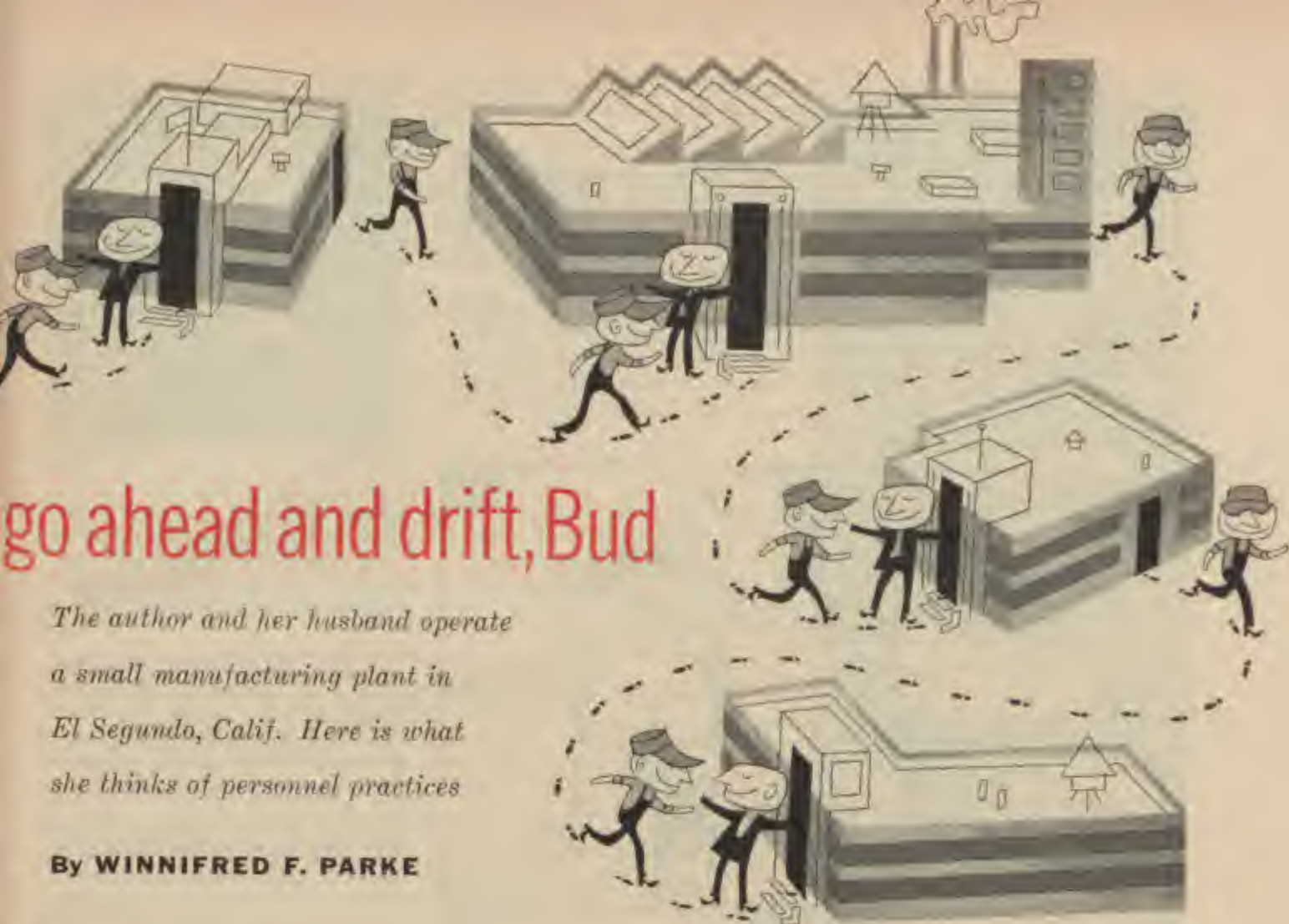
He is philosophical about the peril.

"Since I've been in Washington," he is reported to have told a friend, "I've learned that the only way you can talk off the record is to go into a closet and talk to yourself. Even then, it may leak."

**END**







# go ahead and drift, Bud

*The author and her husband operate a small manufacturing plant in El Segundo, Calif. Here is what she thinks of personnel practices*

**By WINNIFRED F. PARKE**

**I**N THE YEARS since the war ended, I have filled out hundreds of forms sent to me by large companies requesting information about my former employes, and I have just about decided to give it up. The men of whom I spoke in glowing terms were hired no more readily than one of whom I wrote: "He was arrested for selling marijuana while in my employ, and has since been a bookie."

I have seen men hired by the largest firms in the country to whom I have given references that should have barred them from employment as car washers in the corner gas station.

Once I tried to get a rise out of an aircraft company by saying: "Lazy and dislikes responsibility. Should make a good aircraft employe." I didn't get the rise—and the man was hired.

Recently our small overhead door company advertised for shop helpers. Out of approximately 50 applicants, men of all ages, more than 80 per cent were unable to produce satisfactory references. In this case "satisfactory" meant that they had remained with a reputable company in an allied line of business for one year.

A typical applicant was one who listed four employers in the past 18 months. Five months was his longest continuous period of employment.

Under reasons for leaving he wrote: "Left Dayton to go to California." "Left California to return to Dayton." "Left Dayton to return to California."

He was presently employed by a large aluminum company, and his reason for wishing to leave them and come to us, he stated, was: "Desire change."

His past employment record left no doubt of that. The personnel manager who stamps "O.K. to Hire" on the card of such an applicant is saying to him, in effect, "Go ahead and drift, Bud. It won't make any difference to your chances for employment here."

In an area where employers are bidding against each other for the available labor force, the stability of that force is naturally affected. Where it has been badly undermined, and men drift from job to job without rhyme or reason, it behooves the employer to pause and take counsel with himself. In the section where our business is located, the apprenticeship system

has been destroyed, and the employer must seek highly skilled workers from among men who received their training before the last world war.

Our business is located in a small industrial town on the booming West Coast. Since the war new plants have sprung up all over the area. Two major aircraft companies now have plants here, and adjacent to us are an automotive assembly plant and large ship-building companies. Lining the side streets of the town, and clustered around the great factories of the big companies like chicks around the mother hen, are countless little companies.

There is no lack of employment opportunity here. Men have come from all over the country to take advantage of it.

Like other small employers in the town, we have traded help back and forth with the large companies through the years, to the detriment of everyone concerned. We small employers, discussing our personnel problems over the luncheon cheeseburgers at the local broiler, would sound to an outsider like contestants in the biggest liar contest. To each other, we merely



sound as if the needle had got stuck on the record, so similar are the tales we tell.

We all have our waltzed-off-the-job story—the man who applies for a job, is put to work in the morning, and disappears on the lunch hour, to be heard from only once again, when he calls up to ask that his check be mailed to him.

A change in the routine is welcomed with glee, such as the time one employer reported that he had put a man to work that morning. The man worked for about two

times like these, we have reached a few conclusions in our round-table discussions.

One of them is this: At the door of the personnel manager of the large company lies much of the responsibility for today's drifting labor force, with its resultant failure to build skills in men less than 30 years old.

Scrounging as we must for adequate help, we small business people nevertheless take time out to cooperate with other employers on personnel information. We will

the personnel manager of the large company. He is indeed an Olympian figure. For one thing, he can never be reached on the telephone—he is always out. He appears to be rather out of touch with the employees in his own department, too, for messages left with them for him do not seem to reach him. When I asked the young lady in personnel check at one company to give me the name of the personnel manager so that I could write him a letter, she did not know it.

He has many assistants, but they give no information over the telephone.

A letter of inquiry will take from a week to ten days for an answer. Rather a long time to keep a prospective employe on the hook if you eventually hope to hire him. When you do receive the information, it will be of the scantiest.

In many cases the only comment on the man's ability will be whether or not he is eligible for rehire.

My experience indicates that there are two reasons that will bar an employe from being rehired by a large company; union activity accompanied by violence, and suing the employer.

And what of Mr. Personnel Manager when he himself is hiring? He has a standard form, convenient for mailing back to him, requesting information as to dates worked, capacity, and whether or not the man is eligible for rehire.

He also provides a small space, very small indeed, for comments and other information that we may be willing to give.

Maybe he doesn't expect to get any, since he gives you no comments himself.

He attends lots of meetings of employer groups. Maybe that is why he is always out. His conversation at these meetings has a vague and nebulous quality that makes you feel he is far removed from the harsh realities of competitive business. He speaks of "having patience with the fellows" and of "trying to give them all the chance we can."

Men who have applied to the large companies in our area tell me that they have spent as long as two days in their personnel departments, taking aptitude tests, physical examinations, etc. An elaborate and expensive system of screening has been set up.

Surely it is meaningless unless attention is paid to the man's past employment record and what his former employer has to say about him.

END



hours and then approached the foreman.

"Say," said the employe to the foreman, "I just remembered I left my wallet in the car. Can I go out and get it?"

"Sure," said the foreman. "You'd better go right away."

"Guess what happened?" said the employer who was telling us the story.

"We know, we know!" chorused the other chumps around the table — "He never came back!"

Well, chumps though we are to be small business people at all in

give information over the telephone when asked to do so, frequently taking the time to check the telephone book to see that the inquirer has a business listing if we do not know him.

If we find that another employer contemplates the hiring of a man whom we know to be a lemon, we will warn him.

Our personnel methods are indeed faulty in many ways, but that is because most of us do our own hiring, and we are overworked and hard pressed.

Let us consider for comparison





the  
**HARMONICA'S  
CHANGED  
ITS TUNE**

LIKE the pipe of the shepherd, the harmonica is an outdoor instrument. But unlike the pipe, the harmonica has come into its own with President Dwight D. Eisenhower occasionally filling the White House with the strains of a brass-reed tooter. Ike's harmonica has replaced Harry's piano.

The harmonica—the smallest member of the free-reed family—has been called the basic American instrument. Pioneers who pushed back the prairie with a six-shooter in one hand often had a harmonica in the other. With the fiddle, the harmonica found itself providing sweet music for the square dancing sessions in the America of yesteryear.

Yet the mouth organ is not American in origin. The instrument as we know it was invented in 1821 by Friedrich Buschmann of Berlin. Two and one half inches long it was called a "Mundoline."

This refutes the general notion that the harmonica was invented by Benjamin Franklin. What he invented was called a harmonica but it was a contraption of revolving glasses played by rubbing a wet finger on the rims.

The true mouth organ became popular in America during the waves of German immigration, with the Midwest primarily responsible for its widespread adoption.

Although the harmonica is relatively easy to play, its manufacture has been far from simple. The Hohner Company in Germany produced instruments which had 80 parts and which required more than 150 operations to assemble. Before World War II, Germany—with an assist from Japan—supplied the United States with more than 32,000,000 harmonicas during a two-year period. The sales values amounted to some \$2,600,000 annually.

During the war with the Axis powers, a Norwegian immigrant,

Finn H. Magnus, conceived the idea of mass producing harmonicas.

He came up with a plastic harmonica that had only five parts. It could be assembled in seven operations in less than 15 seconds. Six years ago he opened a plant in Newark, putting into operation his production short cuts. Mr. Magnus now makes 10,000 harmonicas a day, employs more than 400 people and exports to 33 countries.

Careful estimates indicate that in America there are approximately 40,000,000 people who can play the harmonica or have owned one at one time or another. Young boys are among the most frequent customers.

Larry Adler, for example, won a harmonica contest at the age of 14. During the competition he noted that all the contestants played pop tunes; he reasoned that the judges would like to hear something classical for a change. When his turn came, he played a Beethoven minuet and was named the winner.

Adler's harmonica has carried him into nearly every major music hall in the country. His virtuosity in the concert field is rivaled by the slightly younger Sebastian who started out as a scholar of Renaissance history. In 1930 he won a harmonica contest which carried a week's engagement for \$125 in Philadelphia. In time, Sebastian (whose real name is John Sebastian Pugliese) finished Haverford College on a scholarship and went to Rome to study law.

On his return to America he took a few professional jobs as a harmonist. Soon he was appearing at New York's Town Hall and Radio City.

Other skilled practitioners of the mouth organ who have made international reputations include Borrah Minnevitich and his Harmonica Rascals, the Philharmonica Trio, the Harmonicats and comedian Herb Shriner who plays as well as he jokes.—NINO LO BELLO

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| <input type="checkbox"/> <b>On-Campus Laundry</b><br>and parking garage  | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>Joint Study</b><br>Reading Room     |

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## Is Your Hospital Safe?

(Continued from page 27)

types should be provided. Personnel should be instructed in the proper handling of this equipment.

4. Does your hospital maintain regular fire drills? The American Hospital Association recommends they be held monthly. This form of safety practice was largely sparked by the Effingham and Davenport disasters, and has dramatically proved its worth in several instances. Long considered by many authorities as something to be avoided for fear of alarming and possibly harming patients, actual practice shows that fire drills benefit patients by affording an added sense of security, and also do an efficient job of saving lives.

The experience of St. Paul's Hospital, oldest in Dallas, Texas, on Oct. 24, 1951—the day of the Feast of St. Raphael, patron of the sick—has spurred scores of other hospitals in the United States and Canada to similar measures. Shortly after midnight, the fire code call of "Emergency, Dr. Red!" sounded repeatedly down the long, quiet corridors. Many of the 274 patients were asleep; some moaned or tossed feverishly on their beds; nurses spoke in whispers or tip-toed noiselessly along the halls. In the delivery rooms mothers-to-be were in labor. Some 65 employees, or one to four patients, were on duty.

Fire starting on the fifth floor spread rapidly to the roof, soon seemingly engulfing the entire institution in flames. A holocaust appeared inevitable. The greatest danger was to the 34 newborn infants in the nursery, directly below the conflagration. Yet fire prevention procedures and drills had been so perfected that the sounding of "Emergency, Dr. Red!" caused swift, efficient action without panic or confusion. The 274 patients were evacuated in 18 minutes without harm!

St. Paul's fire safety plan was quickly adopted as a model for the 23 state institutions of Texas, with their 27,000 patients and employees. Fire drills in hospitals for the men-

tally ill, in institutions for the blind and other handicapped, have enabled orderly evacuation of hundreds of patients within a few minutes.

Fire drilling proved effective in a crisis for the Alaska Native Service Hospital at Bethel, Alaska, a two-story, wooden structure, with no fire protection. Housed in it and in an adjoining Quonset hut were 300 typhoid fever epidemic patients. The hazard was extreme, but the hospital staff was regularly schooled for quick removal of its bedridden. Fire struck at night, with the temperature five degrees



"Read what back? I thought you were just chewing on your cigar"

below zero and a blizzard blowing. The blaze destroyed the buildings but all patients were safely removed.

The Sonoma, Calif., State Home registered an equally remarkable achievement when fire broke out in the basement. Because of carefully worked out evacuation plans, 30 bedridden and 60 wheelchair patients were removed through smoke-filled corridors to safety in less than five minutes, and within eight minutes all 600 patients had been evacuated.

5. Does your hospital make use of the many modern helps available to it? A new safety motion picture, which any hospital can obtain at a nominal rental or purchase price, was shown at a recent convention of the American Hospital Association. Prepared by the

National Board of Fire Underwriters, the film dramatizes the training of hospital personnel in fire consciousness and prevention, in fighting fires, in good house-keeping, and in calm, swift action in protecting patients against any hazard.

Fire safety seminars, under the direction of Clifford Wolfe, secretary of the Council of Hospital Planning and Plant Operation, are another major feature of the American Hospital Association. Last year it held more than 40 in-service training institutes for hospital and department heads, including superintendents, engineers, housekeepers, dietitians, directors of nurses, laundry managers, pharmacists, anesthetists, and others, in which they were instructed in fire prevention and safe-guarding patients. More than 1,000 hospitals sent representatives to the institute.

One of the most effective helps for hospitals is a manual issued by the American Hospital Association entitled "Development of Fire Emergency Programs"; it is available to every hospital in America.

Other effective assistance to hospitals is provided by the National Safety Council through its Hospital Safety Service, which at this writing is serving 1,100 hospitals with bulletins and outlines on fire and accident prevention, and which carries on a steady campaign among all hospitals to use every

precaution to safeguard patients.

Thus your hospital has available expert guidance in striving for a maximum of safety. Does it make use of such helps?

Executive Director Bugbee of the American Hospital Association points out that hazards can be cut to a fraction by expert knowledge and unremitting efforts. It is to make all hospitals, the oldest and newest alike, as safe as possible that hospital authorities are working night and day, and appeal for public interest and public help.

"One need see the wreckage of only one hospital disaster, such as Effingham or Davenport experienced," said Mr. Bugbee, "and contemplate the tragic loss of life involved, to realize that hospital safety is one of the most important projects before the country today."

END



# Money is any old thing



It takes all kinds of money to make a world of finance, and the collection of the moneys amassed at the Chase National Bank in New York is proof of the remark. Above, at left, is the smallest

coin in the world. It comes from Travancore on the Malabar Coast of India. In center is stone money used on the island of Yap. At right is currency from West Africa—just ordinary salt in rock form

depending, of course, on where you try to pass it



When a native in the Belgian Congo once got the idea to wed, all he needed was a copper cross. It was a form of cash to him for purchasing a wife

Clothes don't cost money in the Belgian Congo, they are money. This stylish shawl is currency in itself. Miners regularly have been paid in such cloth

Some sections of China and Malaya refute the old saw that money doesn't grow on trees. These copper or tin coins are broken off and used as needed

Money "talks" in a lot of places, such as northern Rhodesia. This bell, made of iron, is circulated by the tribesmen of that region of south central Africa




Wooden money, the butt of many a joke, has its value. To keep as novelties over the years, collectors often pay good prices for these numismatic oddities

Elephant tail bristles rate as currency among natives of West Africa. A whole tail once was worth two slaves, 50 bristles brought the seller \$1.50

Here's a check that didn't bounce. Steel, two feet long, the check was cashed by a bank in Cleveland and canceled by submachine gun bullets





# Sky harbor on a hilltop

BLACK STAR

*Good sense and good luck, plus the enthusiasm of civic and business groups built the Seattle-Tacoma Airport* **By FRANK J. TAYLOR**

**I**N MOST cities, maintaining an airport adequate for ever-expanding air transport demands is a chronic civic headache. In Seattle, Wash., it is just the opposite. The Seattle-Tacoma International Airport is the special pride of 1,000,000 residents of the Puget Sound area.

The handsome sky harbor is unique in several ways. Where sea-side airports are likely to be laid out on foggy, man-made bottom or tidelands, Seattle's was carved out of the top of a 400-foot hill usually in the sunshine. The airport hasn't any debt, and it isn't a political football, because operation is in the hands of nonpolitical harbor experts with a quarter of a century of seaport experience behind them. Many airports are outdated by the time they are complete; this one is adequate for another 25 years and maybe more.

Major terminal for a dozen passenger and cargo airlines, so impressive that it leaves visitors wide-eyed, Seattle's airport is a result of good luck and good business sense. Observers from scores of cities have flown out to study it and to borrow the plans. The evolution of this aerial terminal is quite a story in itself.

A dozen years back Seattle, like most of the nation's air-minded

communities, was suffering from an acute case of "airportitis." Airliners loaded with passengers and cargo eased carefully into Boeing Field, a landing strip built on drained land near sea level, where the Duwamish River flowed into Puget Sound. If a fog settled anywhere in the area, it could be counted on to sock in crowded Boeing Field. Bombers coming out of the adjoining Boeing aircraft factory and privately owned aircraft further complicated the layout.

Boeing Field, officially known as King County Airport, was built primarily to serve as the end-of-the-line for air mail operators and to accommodate the Boeing airplane factory. That was long before travelers thought of Seattle as the airline terminal nearest Japan and the take-off point for Alaska and Hawaii. Nobody dreamed then that the east and south flow of traffic would increase to 80 flights a day.

At the time World War II broke, the Civil Aeronautics Administration, which had settled on Seattle

as a site from which to monitor air traffic over Alaska, Washington, Oregon, Idaho, and the northern tip of California, decided that an adequate modern airport near the city was needed. The military wanted commercial and civilian transport moved out of busy Boeing Field, which had become a maze of bombers being completed, tested, repaired, or modified.

The CAA had a nest egg to help build runways and other facilities, provided some community agency would come forward with enough land in a good location. Finding such land in the hilly, forested Puget Sound area was a problem. The CAA offered this airport assistance to various key cities, so Seattle's good fortune in this respect is no exception.

King County, which had built and operated Boeing Field, had had its fill by this time of the money-losing airport business. The Seattle authorities were no more eager to pick up the chips, and they found themselves conveniently counted



out by a provision of the charter preventing municipality investment in a project outside the city limits.

This dropped the airport problem into the lap of the Port of Seattle Authority. The harbor commissioners reluctantly agreed to add a sky port to their waterfront operations only after the airlines, the Chamber of Commerce, and several potent civic and business groups had urged the move. Horace P. Chapman, a grain broker and then head of the Port, announced the commissioners' decision, saying:

"The Port of Seattle, as far as the commissioners have been able to ascertain, has not found an airport in the country which is self-sustaining, but pledges to the people of this district a thorough business administration and to keep operating losses to an absolute minimum."

**THE** Authority was itself unusual—a municipal corporation completely nonpolitical. It was established in 1911, representing a district corresponding roughly to King County. It had three commissioners elected for six years each on staggered terms. They answered only to the voters. The commissioners, in 1942 when the Authority took its plunge into the sky harbor business, were J. A. Early, a retired engineer, E. H. Savage, a real estate broker, and Mr. Chapman. The present commissioners are Mr. Savage, retired Rear Adm. Gordon Rowe, president and Clarence H. Carlander, ship and truck operator.

After three decades of waterfront development and operation, the Port of Seattle was in an enviable position businesswise. It had acquired about half of the berthing space on the Puget Sound waterfront in and adjoining Seattle. The Authority owned property valued in excess of \$30,000,000, and had paid off all but \$4,000,000 of bonded indebtedness.

It grossed around \$2,500,000 a year in revenue. The Navy had just condemned the Smith Cove terminal, two half-mile long piers developed by the Authority, and had agreed to pay \$3,500,000 for the property. So the commissioners had dollars to match the CAA's contribution for a modern airport.

Before launching the building of a sky harbor, the commissioners assigned Port Engineer George T. Treadwell and D. C. Deerstyne, his assistant, to learn what they could about other cities' airport ails and their cures.

There were two schools of airport thinking. One, sparked mainly by airline operators, favored breaking terminal facilities into scattered units in which each airline could run its own transportation show. Chicago and Los Angeles airports are examples of this theory. The other school favored a grand central terminal, such as the Washington, D. C., airport, rated as one of the best airline stations anywhere.

With no background in airport design and no prejudices, Mr. Treadwell and Mr. Deerstyne set out to achieve a terminal that would combine the advantages of both the decentralized and grand central types of airports.

Surveys narrowed the potential sites down to two, one on Lake Sammish, north of Seattle, the other a cluster of low wooded hills about halfway between Seattle and Tacoma. The Lake Sammish site was less costly. Its disadvantage was that it was low and often fogbound; also, Squak Mountain, rising some distance behind it, offered a serious traffic hazard.

The Port commissioners and the CAA, who were footing the bill, decided on the wooded hills. The Port of Seattle agreed to invest \$660,000 in buying up the farms and homes of 260 owners, aggregating 900 acres. Nearly all of this land was obtained without condemnation. The CAA agreed to level off the hilltops in a geography remodeling project that involved shifting 4,000,000 cubic yards of earth. Two airlines, United and Northwest, advanced \$25,000 each in rent to help get the sky harbor project rolling. The Port of Seattle expenditure was reduced \$100,000 by a contribution from Tacoma.

**THAT** city had no adequate airport at the time, so a group of Tacomans launched a movement to help Seattle build an airport, if the hilltop site were chosen, because in travel time via the Seattle-Tacoma highway, the terminal would be about as convenient to Tacoma as to Seattle. The airport is 12 miles from downtown Seattle, 19 from Tacoma.

The Tacomans talked \$70,000 out of their own Port Authority, \$15,000 out of the city fathers, and \$15,000 out of Pierce County.

"It was the smartest publicity buy Tacoma ever made," a Tacoma citizen told me. "Besides, we got an airport in our back yard without any responsibility for running it."

The main advantage to the site was that it gave the whole Puget Sound area a terminal on solid



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ground, 400 feet above sea level, with a maximum of clear weather, where airliners could glide in without dodging hills, chimneys, gas tanks, buildings, or power lines. The extra cost of earth moving to gain this safety and efficiency factor was \$450,000.

The CAA also agreed to put in

the three runways, 150 feet wide, laid out in a pattern to meet almost any wind condition. The main north-south runway, used by airline traffic most of the time, was 7,500 feet long, later increased to 9,000 feet. The others were one mile long. By the time the federal Government had finished its part of

the bargain, the CAA had spent \$4,790,000 in development of the airstrip on the hilltop.

Meantime Mr. Treadwell and Mr. Deerstyne had come up with their idea for an air terminal. A \$3,000,000 concrete central building, six stories high counting the tower, was flanked by three-story wings, swept back at 22½-degree angles. The center building stood parallel to the main north-south runway and the wings were parallel to the cross runways. Between the runways and the buildings were wide aprons on which planes could park close to 16 gates.

The plan separated the incoming and outgoing traffic, so that the streams of passenger movement never crossed. Baggage of incoming air travelers arrived at the claiming area within three minutes of the time it left the plane, without crossing the path of outgoing luggage. All limousines, taxis, and private cars reached the terminal from the highway via an esplanade ending in a traffic circle, enabling passengers to alight at each airline's check-in counter without crossing a foyer or a lobby. Checked luggage flowed out to loading trucks via unseen conveyor belts.

Because of the number of passengers to make overseas or Alaska connections, a large waiting room was required. Instead of having this lobby in the customary traffic pattern, it was located on the opposite side of the main floor, where no lines of traffic moved. The lobby is a huge room three stories high, with glass walls and windows overlooking the field. It is half a block long and equipped with soft leather divans and oversized leather chairs.

This is only a part of the hospitality the terminal offers. At one end is a barber shop and a beauty salon, a free nursery for youngsters with facilities for mothers to bathe babies.

A traveler wishing to have valet service can enjoy a shower between planes and have his suit pressed and his shoes shined while he bathes. Upstairs is a coffee shop, a cocktail lounge known as The Horizon Room, the Cafe International, which is a civic banquet hall, all overlooking the airstrip below.

These facilities, like the newsstand and gift shop, are operated by a concessionaire, who with his subconcessionaires cuts the Port Authority in for a split of \$72,000 for the right to render service to almost 750,000 passengers and the 500,000 visitors who throng through the terminal each year. This con-



## AMETHYST CHECK, MA'AM?

FOUNDED in 1836, the National Shawmut Bank of Boston is one of the older financial institutions of this country but nobody can say it doesn't have "chex-appeal." The bank's checks have been given a "face lifting" and everyone seems to be pleased with the new look.

When you go into the Shawmut Bank now to make out a check, you can match your mood. If the transaction is one that has you on the blithe side you might wish a check that comes in a bright red and blue color with a gay colonial design. Or if you're in a more pensive frame of mind you might prefer a coral or a turquoise-hued check. If it strikes your fancy, you can choose your checks in gold, blue, pink, jade or amethyst.

It's all the result of the notion of Walter S. Bucklin, president of the bank, that bank checks were drab and unimaginative and they didn't need to be.

Mr. Bucklin called in color experts and had them plan colors for the checks, keeping

in mind that women are becoming an increasingly larger segment of the bank's patrons. Thus the subtle, jewel-like hues of some of the checks. There seems to be no doubt that the ladies want them. Male patrons approve fancy checks, too. The call for them has been several times what it was for the more prosaic variety.

Checkbooks also have undergone a change. One comes in the size and shape of a reading book and, carrying the picture of an early Boston scene on its cover, it gives more of the appearance of an historical novel than a collection of blank checks.

John J. Barry, a vice president of the bank, sums it all up as follows: "We have seen to it that the bank check has become not just a negotiable instrument but an instrument for improved customer relations—not just an item of expense, but an opportunity to enliven a very serious business with a bit of cheerful color."

—HAROLD HELPER



casion income includes \$25,000 from the underground garage beneath the entrance circle, the parking lot, the car rental and auto service stations.

ONE of the surprises is the announcement system. The soft music that wafts from 133 speakers throughout the building is interrupted every so often by a pleasing voice announcing plane arrivals and departures. The plane caller is a music box in a small room upstairs.

By pressing buttons at the gate, the traffic men for each airline can cut off the music and switch in a record announcing the plane about to leave or arrive. The system takes care of about 95 per cent of the announcements; emergency broadcasts of schedule changes are made on microphones at each airline's counter.

"Our idea was to get rid of noise and confusion," explained Mr. Treadwell, who is proud of the push-button system that mechanically gives the airline people the choice of 200 announcements and plays up to 300 music selections daily.

The upper and lower decks of the terminal are just as smooth flowing as the main deck. Downstairs, baggage moving via conveyer belts from the check-in counters passes along with freight through special exit passageways to the planes. At the opposite end of the downstairs floor, which is on a level with the landing strip apron, incoming baggage and freight moves into the building.

There also is a post office on this floor.

Incoming passengers from foreign lands pass through a series of rooms for customs, plant inspection, and passport officials, after which they arrive via the same stairs used by the domestic passengers at the luggage delivery counters.

Nothing is free at this airport, boast the Seattle Port officials. This is not literally true. The lobbies and nursery and guide service for visitors are on the house. However, watching the planes come in and take off, one of the favorite pastimes of Seattlites, costs money. Visitors watch the show from a 790-foot deck on the runway side of the terminal.

It takes a dime to get onto the deck; the ten turnstiles at each end of the building take in \$10,000 a year to help pay the expenses of the airport.

On the upper floors, where airline and federal communications

people have offices, everybody pays rent but the CAA men in the control tower 90 feet above the street. Every plane that lands means several more dollars to the Port Authority, the amount depending on the plane's weight.

United Air Lines, with 36 scheduled landings daily, is the airport's best patron, paying about \$50,000 a year in landing fees, office and counter rent, and ground rent for the hangar built by the company north of the main terminal building.

Northwest Airlines, next largest

The Port Authority has lived up to its promise to operate the airport as economically as possible. The terminal provides jobs for 1,600 people, with a payroll of \$500,000 a year.

Only a few are on the Port of Seattle payroll. In spite of its size, the terminal is run by a staff of 48 people under Airport Manager Earle S. Bigler.

One fourth of these are uniformed guides, who also serve as guards.

With no bonded indebtedness, the terminal has been able to op-



patron, has offices in a hangar built at the other end of the terminal. Northwest maintains a Strato-cruiser lounge in the terminal building for Orient-bound passengers. Pan-American is building a hangar and planning to move from Boeing Field; it has held key counter space since the terminal opened. Alaska Airlines, Trans-Canada, and Western Air Lines are other income sources. The airlines have put \$1,900,000 into facilities, over and above the Port of Seattle's investment.

The 90 scheduled daily airline landings bring in a revenue of \$5,000 a month. In addition, four freight lines use the terminal's facilities. Traffic, averaging 3,900 passengers a day, reaches its daily peak about midnight.

erate in the black since it opened three years ago. The commission rates the airport as one fourth of the Port's total assets. However, the airport income has a long way to go to earn one fourth of the Port of Seattle's total gross of \$2,500,000 a year. It is climbing steadily in income. In 1952, the airport took in \$377,660 and showed a \$98,000 paper profit over operations and maintenance. More important than monetary returns is the smooth handling of almost 790,000 passengers each year, plus 9,890,566 pounds of air mail and 15,000,000 of air express and freight each year.

No wonder the Puget Sounders burst their buttons swelling with pride over their sky harbor that was built on the hilltop. **END**





*Do you know your subject?*



*Have you any speech difficulties?*



*Are you ready to be yourself?*



*How will your speech be handled?*



*Are you sure of your information?*



*Do you know what you are going to say?*

### By CHARLES ELLSWORTH

**A**T a White House press conference some weeks before Howard McGrath resigned, President Truman was asked whether he expected his Attorney General to quit. The question was a ticklish one but the President's staff had anticipated it. The Chief Executive took a quick peek at one of the cards which he held in his lap. Then, to the delight of assembled newsmen, he read aloud, "If asked about the possibility of McGrath's resigning, we suggest that you reply—"

A ripple of laughter began at the back of the room, swept forward and drowned him out. The President was reading his stage directions rather than the prepared answer.

After the guffaws had died down Mr. Truman finished his statement (he said he didn't see why the

Attorney General should give up his office) and added with a wry grin, holding up the card, "It says here!"

The incident points up something that too many speakers forget: *Getting ready* to make a talk—or a statement, or a radio broadcast, or a television appearance—often requires more care than the final presentation itself.

As a Washington ghost writer, I have had many chances to observe the variety of things that can go wrong with the spoken word. Most mishaps that cause anguish to speakers and audiences can be guarded against beforehand. In Mr. Truman's case, for example, he should have read his cards before the conference. But there are other forms of preparation, not quite so obvious but equally vital.

Let's assume that you, person-

ally, face a public appearance of some importance to you, your company, or your community. It's assumed that you are *able* to talk, because most businessmen today talk often and well. Just the same, a quick check of six questions will test your readiness to speak.

1. *Are you sure you know what your subject is supposed to be?*

That may strike you as a silly question but, oftener than you might think, well known names on the luncheon and banquet circuit have found themselves off on the wrong foot when they arose to speak.

Because of the sudden illness of a prominent man who had been scheduled to make the money pitch, the late Alexander Woolcott received a rush phone call to address a Greater New York Fund



meeting. Mr. Woolcott made a stirring appeal for more seeing eye dogs, a charity that was close to his heart. After the luncheon an irate official demanded to know why he had failed even to mention the fund itself.

"Because my invitation came from a Seeing Eye Committee," the famed author and wit replied testily.

"I know that!" the official roared. "I'm the head of the C. and I. Committee for the Greater New York Fund. The Commerce and Industry Committee, that is!"

The same great cause once witnessed the embarrassment of two other New York citizens. Through some failure to check carefully, the publicity committee sent them copies of the same speech to deliver at the same luncheon.

Naturally, that proved to be the day when one of the two speakers had to pass up the meal entirely because of the pressure of business. He arrived too late to hear the first speaker. Launching into what proved to be a repeat performance, he was somewhat puzzled to find his audience rolling in the aisles.

The moral of these incidents: Always verify the subject of your speaking assignment with the program committee. It pays.

## 2. Are you ready to be yourself?

Something happens to many straightforward men (and women, too!) when they speak in public. They become overly elaborate in their choice of words. Their sentences become long, involved and hard to follow.

If you are a hard-hitting, straight-from-the-shoulder executive with a report to make to your stockholders, for example, there is no reason why you should suddenly begin expressing yourself in what ghost writers call "vice presidentese." If you want to tell the owners that you hope the business will make a little money with the men, materials and equipment already at hand, say it just that way. Don't talk about "attempting to reconcile the long-range prospects within the framework of the industrial potential."

I cut that phrase out of a draft prepared by the president of a big corporation.

Scientists, economists and college professors are worse than businessmen. For some reason the very learned are especially fearful that the use of plain English will reduce their stature in the eyes of their scholarly colleagues.

I once asked a noted economist if I couldn't use some word other

than "extrapolate" in an article I was revising for him. When he asked why, I explained that many readers wouldn't know what it meant.

"It means 'project,'" he confided, looking around to make sure no one was going to snatch back his Phi Beta Kappa key. In any sort of communication with the public, short words, short sentences and short paragraphs are best.

## 3. Are you sure of your information?

Often businessmen are trapped into speaking publicly on subjects in which (let's face it!) they are something less than world authorities. Try to steer clear of the assignments you know nothing about. A mild unfamiliarity with your material is excusable, because you may bring a fresh point of view to bear on it. Talking through your hat, by contrast, is one of the best known ways of boring an audience.

Men like Clarence Randall, president of Inland Steel, are a joy to listeners because they have their subjects down cold. Mr. Randall, a spokesman for his industry, once prepared for a congressional committee a statement of such vast importance that a whole bevy of public relations men was assigned to look over his copy in advance. Having assembled in Washington at great cost to their respective expense accounts, the experts found nothing in the script that needed changing. Unwilling to go home without having taken at least some action to justify their services, they finally removed from his statement four words which, so they convinced themselves, were a little radical in their implication. The words were "as in Russia today."

## 4. Have you any speech difficulties?

Like people who are a little deaf and hate to admit it, people who have speech difficulties are often the last to concede them. A notable exception is Winston Churchill. He has had trouble with "s" sounds all his life. What makes Mr. Churchill exceptional is his recognition of this fact and his effort to avoid words which may sound, over the microphone, like your wife's whistling tea kettle.

He not only leaves out sibilants when he can but, when they are unavoidable, makes recordings of the doubtful passages ahead of time and plays them back.

Similarly, the late Sidney Hillman, co-chairman of the War Pro-

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duction Board, could not pronounce the letter "w." His Polish childhood had turned all his "w's" into "v" sounds, a fact of which he was aware but not ashamed. Mr. Hillman's speech writers were discouraged to learn how often such words as "what," "where" and "why" are likely to turn up. However, by diligent application, they were able to keep him from saying such things as "vell" instead of "well" most of the time. In fact, Mr. Hillman became a dignified public speaker. And, as he used to say in private, "Vy not?"

A much more common handicap is false teeth. As any speaker who wears them knows, they have their own way of twisting words out of shape. A senior farm spokesman in Washington has an upper plate that gives him trouble.

He has turned his affliction into a personal trademark well known to audiences throughout the country. On the platform, as in his office, he merely removes the offending plate when it begins to bother him.

You can do better. Check your own voice by playing back one of your letters on a dictating machine—all of it. Or, better yet, have the sound engineer at your local radio station record one of your speeches. Ask him to study it for errors. He can tell you from a professional standpoint what you can do to make your words sound better.

#### 5. Do you know how your speech is to be handled?

A banquet speech is different from the reading of a statement before a congressional committee, and a television or radio appearance bears no resemblance to a press conference or a stockholders' meeting. You should, of course, take the trouble to learn something about the conditions under which you are to appear. Otherwise a strange setting may throw you into confusion.

The unseen audience beyond the broadcasting room is likely to terrify even the stoutest hearts the first time around, for example.

There's a story about an industrialist who was making his first radio talk. He got along fine while the announcer was in the room because he could speak directly to him. When the announcer slipped out, however, our hero suddenly became conscious of the microphone for the first time—and froze stiff. Through great effort he was able to convince himself that the device in front of him was nothing but another kind of dictation machine—like the one in his office. If he

merely gave it the rest of his speech to transcribe, he figured, everything would come out all right.

It would have, too, except that he put the punctuation in as well. The rest of his talk sounded something like this: "And so, comma, friends of the radio audience, comma, the thought I want to leave with you is this, colon."

Businessmen making their first appearances before congressional committees are likely to be gunshy, though there is no real reason for their alarm. One client of mine was so upset by the prospect of testifying that I wrote parenthetical directions into his statement to help him do the right thing at the right time. They included such suggestions as "Bow to the chairman," "Hold up exhibit A," and "Pause for introduction of chart B." Unfortunately my client read the directions aloud, along with the rest of his statement. The senators were most sympathetic, but the poor fellow was quite upset about the whole thing. Since then I have made it a practice to have my people sit through at least one session in advance, as a conditioner.

Most speakers exposed to television have learned by now that slate blue suits, dark ties, and shirts that are almost any color but white produce the most flattering images. Not every guest has learned, however, to keep facing

the camera where the red light is showing, and to keep his chin up so that the shadows won't accent the bags under his eyes.

Still, such helpful hints about personal appearance do little for the speaker who is accustomed to burying his nose in his notes. If you are one of those people, you have two alternatives. Either memorize your speech or have it printed on cardboard in letters large enough to be read when the sheet is held up behind the camera. If you must look down at your manuscript, have it typed in big letters and triple spaced so that you can refer to it from time to time without hiding your face in it.

#### 6. Do you know what you are going to say?

Let's suppose that your speech has been written. You have edited it carefully, made the corrections it needed, and turned it over to your secretary for final drafting. Do you intend to read that final draft once more before you deliver it? You should, and to a critic.

Unrehearsed manuscripts are full of traps. I once fed a senator the word "epitome" in a speech only to have it come out "eppy-tome." The boys in the press gallery laughed, which made the senator mad—at me, of course.

The one-time Mayor Hylan of New York is credited with offering the supreme example of the dam-





age an unfamiliar phrase can do. Stumbling through a speech that had been written for him, he wound up by making a rousing reference to "The Spirit of One Seven Seven Six!" It brought down the house.

So, check your final copy. There is always the chance that the copyist will leave out a line, a paragraph, or even a whole page. In fact, an embittered ghost writer who never could get his client to read beforehand the material he prepared for him once went further than that.

He waited until an important speaking date came up, watched his employer snatch up the manuscript as usual on his way to a cab, then quietly reached for his own hat and coat.

On the rostrum the unrehearsed speaker opened, for the first time, the folder in which his manuscript was bound. His initial remarks were deftly written. His address flowed smoothly across the second page, picking up pace as it went along.

The third page, however, was completely blank except for a few terse words which read, "Maybe this will teach you to read over your stuff in the future, before you try to deliver it. From here on out you're on your own, you so-and-so. I've just quit!"

The televised proceedings of the national political conventions both showed us some of the top speakers in the country in full cry. Think back, and you will recall that every roof-raiser knew what he was supposed to talk about, knew his subject thoroughly, knew what he was going to say about it, knew how to handle radio, television and the press, knew his own speech limitations if any, and was as much himself as it is possible for any politician to be.

The net is that all those people were *ready* to speak before they got to their feet.

Whether or not you completely agreed with what they were saying, they got their messages across. Substitute for the rostrum in Chicago the speakers' table at your next civic club luncheon and you've still got the same problem.

Little or big, any public appearance is worth preparing for; and if you aren't ready to talk you can't expect your audience to be ready to listen.

Run your eye over this check list before you accept your next speaking engagement. It won't help you much while you're talking, but it will get you a bigger hand when you sit down. **END**

## THE CUCKOO SINGS AN AMERICAN TUNE



*The stethoscope is useful for finding faulty timepieces in an industry now centuries old*

*Demand for the old-fashioned clocks has increased so that mass production is necessary*



FOR CENTURIES the cuckoo clock that used to hang in grandma's parlor came from the Black Forest region of Germany. Now the cuckoo clock has become an American product, mass-produced.

Largely responsible for this shift is Irwin Cohen, proprietor of the Cuckoo Clock Manufacturing Company in New York City. Mr. Cohen had his own workshop in Germany before World War II. Like thousands of other small artisans, he used to turn out a few clocks each week for export and for use at home.

Today his operation in the United States turns out more than 25,000 clocks a year. They range in size from one six inches high to a very large clock measuring 30 inches in height. Cost ranges from \$9 to \$500.

The demand for these quaint timekeepers is growing fast. Many can be found in hunting lodges and clubs. The clocks bring back that nostalgic aura associated with life in the hunting forests of old-time Germany.



Harold F. Amster of City Island, N. Y., is a compass adjuster. He is one of the few in the country

The small card is put in the spherical housing, by which it is magnified to aid reading



## North is his business



The housing is filled with special oil which keeps the card steady and also magnifies the surface

CHECKING on the North Pole is the stock-in-trade of a handful of experts, like Harold F. Amster of City Island, N. Y., who adjust the nation's compasses. This delicate job is one on which the fate of vessels at sea depends. With no land ties by which to judge position, the mariner sails confidently—certain that his checked instrument will bring him to his destination.

Compasses don't respond to the north just because a needle has been mounted on a card. All sorts of disturbances and factors must be compensated for.

For one thing, there are two kinds of north: true geographical north (or the North Pole); and

magnetic north (the direction in which magnetic needles on compasses turn when all is going well). The latter phenomenon is caused by the fact that the earth's greatest magnetic attraction lies some distance away from geographical north.

This declination is compounded by the disturbing influences of electrical equipment, steel deck plates and many other things which can make a compass shy away from north.

Mr. Amster knows all the tricks of this needle trade.

He has corrected and adjusted the compasses of vessels ranging in size from small sailing boats to large yachts.

Compensation must be made for disturbances such as the magnetism caused by a ship's iron



By using this special instrument, Mr. Amster determines the heeling error of a ship's compass

GRUNDT—TYLER, LOWE



# nb notebook

## Good place to live

IN 1940, KILLEEN, Texas, was a ranching and farming community of 1,265 average citizens. In 1941, the Government bought 150,000 acres of nearby ranch land and built Ft. Hood. The Gray Air Force Base and Killeen Base followed.

Killeen was a boom town!

Nobody was happy about that. The town fought a losing battle with expansion while outsiders who were forced to live there complained about high prices, lack of housing, rough streets, inadequate sewer and water facilities.

That is the same old story.

But the sequel is new.

Killeen, now grown to 12,000, didn't like to be a boom town or accept the role as inevitable. It might be 90 per cent dependent on the surrounding military establishments, but it was also determined to be a good place to live.

For ten years, it fought for balance. The war ended and the military force was reduced. Korea brought personnel changes, more military.

Finally Killeen felt that it had its problem licked. Then it had to lick its reputation.

The answer to that was a recently held "open house" with dressed up invitations to some 12,000 people asking them to take a look at the rejuvenated Killeen. Some 10,000 came.

Meanwhile Killeen had added more than 1,800 living units to its housing accommodations. Special tours took the visitors to these, to rental offices, to business firms, even to private homes.

The big feature of the day was an offer of "six months free living" to six families whose names were drawn from the list of visitors registered for the occasion.

The winning six—a warrant officer, two civil service workers, a hospital ward attendant from Ft. Hood, an employe of an engineering firm and a truck driver—will receive not only free rent for six months but shoes for the family, groceries, draperies, some clothes,

newspapers, laundry, dry cleaning, services to an automobile and other items totaling about \$1,600 for each family.

Killeen is pleased with the event, although results are hard to measure accurately. A lot of people learned that the town has adequate shopping facilities, excellent churches, a modern school system and is rapidly catching up on needs for water, sewers, streets and recreation facilities.

Several dozen were sufficiently convinced to rent homes and apartments on open house day.

## Bank collects parking fines

BANKS have already demonstrated their versatility by providing a variety of services that would surprise old-fashioned bankers. But in Montreal, Que., they have come up with a new wrinkle.

There, according to the Municipal Finance Officers Association, they are now collecting traffic fines.

Under the system, a driver who finds himself with a \$2 or \$5 parking ticket may drop into a bank and pay the fine. The plan applies to parking violations only.

## More thirteenth floors

RESEARCH departments develop the darnedest information. Those at Westinghouse have just reported that superstition about the malevolence of the number "13" seems to be dying out. At least elevator engineers report that more than 90 per cent of modern skyscrapers today have thirteenth floors. Before World War II about 50 per cent of the country's contractors ordered elevator control panels minus that number.

Buildings omitting the thirteenth floor today are usually hotels. Few hospitals reach 13 stories.

## Kokomo's firsts

ALTHOUGH Mrs. Eos Petty Richardson feels that her sense of humor is as sufficient as most, hers was

subject to persistent strain because the name of her home town was a continuing challenge to humorists. She determined to gather some material that might have a sobering effect on those to whom Kokomo seemed more likely to be something out of Gilbert and Sullivan than a thriving city of 40,000 in Indiana.

Her resulting researches produced convincing evidence that Kokomo has contributed more than humor to the American scene. Mrs. Richardson has compiled a litany of 11 important products which were first made in Kokomo. The fact that the Duryea Brothers were building an automobile at the same time as Elwood Haynes may cause arguments about her first choice.

However, Elwood Haynes did build and drive an automobile in Kokomo in 1894. Whether a first or not, the Haynes creation sired three other Kokomo firsts: David C. Spraker made the first pneumatic automobile tire; William Johnson cast the first aluminum crankcase; and George Kingston conceived the float chamber for automobile carburetors.

Other Kokomo firsts on Mrs. Richardson's list include: Dirilyte, a "magic metal" developed by a Swedish inventor but first produced commercially in Kokomo.

First shells for the French 155 mm cannon made in this country in World War I.

First aerial bomb tailfins, World War I.

First nonsinkable metal lifeboats and rafts.

First canned tomato juice.

First formula for stainless steel.

First production of "Stellite," another metal produced by Mr. Haynes.

## School for industrial editors

INDUSTRIAL journalism, once regarded as the stepchild of the publishing business, has so clearly demonstrated its ability to do a peculiar job well, that the number of magazines in this field has risen from 2,000 before World War II to more than 10,000 today.

House organ achievements are particularly remarkable because most editors as well as their staffs have had to build their own methods as they went along because neither newspaper nor magazine training provided precisely the background needed for this specialized field. This situation will be changed in the future.

After five years of development the University of Bridgeport has



# FOR 54 years a bank president

COLLAGE—THREE LINES



WHEN Henry B. Little was elected president of the Institution for Savings in Newburyport, Mass., in 1899, William McKinley was rounding out his first term in the White House and the next President, Teddy Roosevelt, was recuperating from the ravages of San Juan Hill.

Mr. Little was 48 years old then, an age when some contemporary executives begin to think of shorter days at the office.

But Henry Little hasn't quit yet. At 102 he is hale and works a five-day week. Every morning someone from the bank drives him to work.

Until he was 85 he walked the mile to his office, and until 1947 his schedule conformed to the bank's six-day week.

"Banking today isn't what it used to be," Mr. Little says. "It's better." When he first began his career in banking, total personnel consisted of a cashier, bookkeeper and messenger. He was the messenger. That was in 1867 when persons dealing with a bank "could put their money in the vault, draw a little interest and save themselves the trouble of stuffing up hiding places with currency." Businessmen, of course, operated through banks to obtain credit.

Would Henry Little go into finance again if he had it to do over?

"Certainly. Because that's where the art of business counts. You handle people's first concern: money, not goods," was his answer.

To Henry Little it doesn't particularly matter that he is the oldest bank president in the United States (and probably in the world). What does matter is that tomorrow is another business day.

introduced a four-year course, ending with a degree, in Industrial Journalism. Objectives of the course are to give students a chance to learn and interpret the inside story of the industrial system; provide supplementary training for Connecticut industrial editors in the latest editing techniques, and to introduce students of journalism to the unusual "first" job opportunities in this field.

The program is designed to give the student an all-around background in American industry, personnel methods, industrial relations, American labor, sociology, economics, government, law and advertising. In addition, the student takes such courses as philosophy, art, music and literature, as well as learning the techniques of interviews, covering meetings, ball games, exhibitions or fires.

Industrial editors in the Bridgeport area, as well as the plants they serve, are cooperating to permit the students to take "field work" in actual industrial surroundings.

As Howard Boone Jacobson of the university's journalism department sees it, "It takes a well trained industrial editor to mold raw stories from the plant reporters into an attractive, readable publication at a minimum production cost."

The goal of the new course is to provide such editors.

## Subsidized sitters

THE baby-sitter is the nation's newest sales argument. At least it is that way in Olympia, Wash., where businessmen, working through their Chamber of Commerce, distribute courtesy cards through which they pick up part of the tab for any shopper who has to hire a baby-sitter while she visits the stores. According to reports, the plan is working well for everyone, the mother, the baby-sitter, the businessman and, of course, the children.

## Small fish pumped in

A NEW METHOD of fishing with a vacuum cleaner is permitting Maine's commercial fishermen to spend more time at sea and less at the docks. The apparatus, developed by B. F. Goodrich, uses a six-inch, soft-rubber-lined hose and a suction pump.

When the fish-filled nets are pulled alongside the boat, the machine goes to work. Sardines become flying fish as they are sucked aboard.

Once loaded, the vessel returns



to port where similar equipment unloads in a matter of minutes a cargo that it once took men with shovels several hours to handle.

### Busy signals

A MAN we know, arriving home unexpectedly early from a business trip, tried to telephone his wife from the station. For 15 minutes he got a busy signal. The only thing that saved him from apoplexy was remembrance of a short item he had recently read in "To the Stars," publication of the Kansas Industrial Development Commission.

A reprint of a notice that a Topeka Telephone Company printed on its directory for 1896, the item said:

#### TELEPHONING NOT DIFFICULT

When you wish to call a number, ring the bell by turning the crank to the right of the phone, and at the same time press in on the crank and your bell will always ring. Now take down the receiver (ear trumpet) and place it against the ear. At the same time press on the lever with elbow of your left arm and you will be ready to talk as soon as you are connected at the central office.

Do not leave your phone—stay right where you are until you can reach who you are after; it takes but a minute or so. Talk into the transmitter or box at the top of the phone with your mouth four or five inches away in an ordinary tone of voice in clear weather. In cold, damp weather, talk close up to the transmitter and quite loud. See that the lever or switch on top of the magneto bell is always to the left when you ring or talk. Only turn the switch to the right when you are afraid of lightning during a severe thunderstorm.

### Parking in Providence

AUTO drivers in Providence, R. I., either are more active than drivers elsewhere, or the experts have misjudged the whole fraternity of motorists.

At any rate 700 feet has been the accepted distance that a driver was willing to walk from parking place to office or shopping center or whatever destination he had hoped to park in front of.

But a survey of 923 drivers who have been using the year-old metered parking lot in Providence shows that they walk an average 1,590 feet after leaving their cars. Some walked nearly a half mile.

Rates doubtless have a part in this willingness. The city lot charges 15 cents for four hours and parkers may lock their cars, taking the keys with them.

The survey also showed that 52 per cent of those using the lot formerly parked at the curb.



## Pete Progress and the wide-eyed window washer

"Hey, Pete, got a minute?" shouted window washer Willie.

"What's on your mind, Willie?" asked Pete.

"Been watching things way up here," said Willie. "Someone's going to get hurt down there on Main Street."

"Who, for instance?" asked Pete.

"One of those crazy, jay-walking pedestrians, that's who," answered Willie. "Glad I'm up here where it's safe."

"You're very observing," said Pete. "Keep looking and in about one hour you'll observe some men painting bright yellow lines for crosswalks down there."

"Probably took an accident to wake the town up," said Willie.

"No," said Pete, "the chamber of commerce got behind the project — and it

was no accident, either. The chamber is always on the lookout for things to do to help the community."

"Like what," asked Willie.

"Like making the town attractive to people living here and others who want to come here. Like telling other people what a profitable place we've got for industry; like getting better schools, playgrounds, fire protection; like organizing activities to increase retail business. Fellows at the chamber say *giving* is a whole lot better than *taking*."

"Gosh, Pete, that's wonderful," said Willie. "Just to show them how I feel, I'm going down and wash their windows free."

"That should make you rich," said Pete.

"Why?" asked Willie.

"Because then you and the town will really be cleaning up," said Pete.

**Your chamber of commerce is working for you. Why don't you help them?**







Secretary Ezra Taft Benson

## ECONOMY DOESN'T GROW ON TREES

**I**N this country "the cost of government must be reduced" is given about the same acceptance as the mathematical axiom that "the whole equals the sum of its parts." It is quite likely, in fact, that the average citizen can speak more forcefully about government costs than about algebra because his tax bill provides daily proof of the one while he has forgotten the mathematical arguments that support the other.

Thus a promise of "government efficiency" is as quick a way as any to the voters' hearts. Presumably an efficient government will cost less, thus permitting lower taxes.

We have only recently hailed the beginning of a new administration which promised to do just that.

Accepting this promise as honorably made with every intention of fulfillment, it is still reasonable to doubt that this administration—or any administration, for that matter—will do any such thing.

The blame for this nonfeasance does not belong to the politicians.

It rests squarely on the citizens who, having applauded the promise of cost reduction, are quick to damn the practice of it.

The present plight of Agriculture Secretary Ezra Taft Benson demonstrates this paradox.

Accepting his portfolio from President Eisenhower, Mr. Benson embarked upon a program calculated to get more service from the Department of Agriculture and to advance government efficiency and economy. Phrases dropped along the way were to the effect that the idea was "to get surplus foods into stomachs and not into storage" and that "farmers should not be demoralized by producing for government check."

There was talk that the Department would work with farmers, farm organizations, and agricultural industries to find solutions to individual commodity problems.

The new secretary stated that "prices should be relatively free so as to provide the flexibility necessary to encourage needed changes in farm production, to facilitate trade and to guide and encourage full consumption." This, he felt, could be better accomplished without high, rigid price supports.

In line with these views he lopped \$130,000,000 off the Department of Agriculture budget for loans and expenditures presented by President Truman.

The specific reductions included:

A cut from \$250,000,000 to \$140,000,000 in appropriations for the agricultural conservation payment program. Mr. Benson pointed out that this actually would reduce payments only \$40,000,000 because the Department already had uncommitted funds that would cover the rest of the difference.

A cut from \$200,000,000 to \$145,000,000 in Rural Electrification Administration and telephone loans.

A cut from \$83,000,000 to \$75,000,000 in the school lunch program—a difference which he announced would be made up from government food surpluses, thus feeding children as well and putting the food "into stomachs instead of storage."

Public reaction to this excursion into economy was less than cordial.

People cried out that Mr. Benson was "more interested in working for the food industries than for the farmer"; that he was "a softheaded idealist"; that he had "no experience in the real troubles of agriculture"; that cutting conservation payments was "stealing the shoes from farm children."

Harkening to all this, the House Appropriations Committee put back \$106,000,000 of the \$130,000,000 that Mr. Benson had planned to save the taxpayer. The House, in effect, accepted the committee view.

The vote in the committee was close. In the case of the conservation fund, for instance, the members divided 19 for increase to 18 against.

It is reasonable to suppose that citizens who are interested in economy could have changed their vote by demonstrating the sincerity and worthiness of their views.

Lethargy is expensive and mathematically unsound. It permits the parts to appear greater than the whole.





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repay their cost every 11 months!"**

—ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, CHICAGO

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Payable, Writing Checks, Earnings Record and Social Security Reports, Pre-Payroll of Accrual Cards, Account Distribution and General Ledger.

"So you can see that we have every reason to be well pleased with our National System."

*Skaplan*

Vice-President and Treasurer

No matter what the size or type of your business, National Machines soon pay for themselves, then continue to return a handsome profit. Nationals do up to 1/3 of the work automatically. (Operators are happier, too, because they accomplish their work more easily.) Your nearby National representative will gladly show how much you can save with National Machines adapted to your needs.

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This was the birth  
of many a business



*Time, 1867.*

In New Albany, Indiana, Captain John B. Ford is supervising the installation of the first made-in-America plate glass window. It had been made in his plant nearby where he founded this new American industry.

But he, and his son Edward, founded more than a manufacturing industry. Both were firm believers in distributing glass through wholesalers (then called jobbers). They felt that buyers of glass would be served best and most economically by these independent local business firms.

Consequently, as the nation and the glass industry grew, new companies were formed to distribute glass. Today they are found in every principal city across the land. Each supplies an even greater number of glass dealers serving every community.

Libbey-Owens-Ford Glass Company firmly supports the beliefs of Captain John and Edward Ford—that these independent distributors and dealers provide the best means of moving glass from factory to user because they know community needs best and are loyally devoted to serving them.



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